

2 Time for Action

by Rurple101

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Summary: There's a new person Agent V26 in Valhalla, except she's a high flying agent deputy who is in charge of the Simulation Troopers and Negotiations. What happens when some odd events happen around her? THIS IS THE SEQUEL TO MY PREVIOUS STORY IN THIS SERIE?

1. Chapter 1

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter One<p>

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><p>Private Franklin D. Donut looked down at his hands whilst he sat in his bedroom at the Red base in Valhalla, and sighed; they were all worn out and sore. They were raw and red and itched madly. He cleared his throat.<p>

"_Sarge_! Have you seen my hand-cream?" he called to his superior officer.

"What?" Sarge bellowed back, whilst sitting on top of his base, bathing in the dazzling sunlight, his eyes tightly closed as if he couldn't hear the pink armoured solider yelling at him.

Donut sighed and rubbed his arms subconsciously. Why did he feel so lonely all of a sudden? _Just because he couldn't find the hand-cream?_

Even now he would have welcomed Grif taunting him about how he sounded like he was bi (which he was, but more bent than he let on, if you can believe that) but ever since Halle had shown up at

Valhalla, Grif had been busy trying to win her love.

The last he'd seen Grif was him running across the valley, towards the Blue base. Donut sighed and sat down on his bed and closed his eyes, imagining having someone hold their arms round him and give him a well-needed hug.

Halle had been really sweet, the nice kind of girl that he'd wanted around as she assured him about his sexuality and understood the trauma he went through sometimes. She was, in a word, a sweetheart. She was always there to give him a friendly hug and cheer him up.

He didn't fancie Halle; she was too focussed on Grif anyway.

Donut chuckled to himself; those two were so blind to not see that they were in love with each other.

He lay down on his bed and sighed, surprised to see tears trickling down his face and blinking as he wiped them hastily.

There was a loud knock on his door and he got off his bed, walked over to it and pulled the door towards him.

It was Simmons.

"Hi Simmons," he said, annoyed that his mood was being shown in his voice.

Simmons noticed.

He raised an eyebrow and his almost human 'cyborg' eye rotated in the socket and gazed beadily at the pink private.

"What's up, Donut? You sound really down."

Donut sighed and shook his head; "Nothing Simmons. Do you know where my hand-cream is?"

Simmons rolled his eyes and turned away. "You're moaning about _hand-cream_?"

"_No_" Donut said hastily. "I'm just asking about that as well."

Simmons ignored him and walked away. Donut sighed louder this time, slammed his door shut and stomped outside to the warthog.

He'd had a feeling he'd left it there. He took it and rubbed it into his skin, smiling slightly as the moisture soothed his aching palms. Putting the cream into his pocket he sat in the warthog and gazed up at the sky.

It was the normal brilliant bright blue and seemed to stretch furfur upwards as he looked more and more at it. He saw the crystal aqua bolt fly from the top of the base and shoot upwards into the sky. He closed his eyes and before he knew it, he was quietly sleeping in the driver's seat of the '_Puma_'.

â€|

He was drifting, drifting along the mountains that surrounded Valhalla, enjoying the sounds of his feet crunching upon the ground. He could smell cinnamon in the air and he could hear metallic clicks. He turned a corner on the cliff path and stuttered to a halt.

Simmons was squatting upon the dirty ground, moaning and whimpering in agony. Donut rushed forwards to help him.

"Simmons? Are you ok? Speak to me Simmons!"

Simmons looked up at him and at once his expression changed into a softer and tender look. Before Donut knew what was happening, Simmons had lurched up at him and grabbed his face in two sweaty hands.

Donut looked down at Simmons and then leaning forward, they kissed hungrily and they both fell to the dirt ground, none of them caring what was happening and where they were. Simmons reached down and ran his hands from Donut's bum to his member, which was still trapped within the pink armour.

They both started stripping off the clothes, desperate to get at each other's skin and feel the heat and passion run through their veins.

Donut broke the kiss and looked at Simmons whose eyes were gazing at his.

Simmons, now naked, laid down and wrung his legs around Donut. Then, as Donut lowered himself, a gun shot at them and Simmons lay before him, dead and his eyes lifeless.

Donut screamed

"_OH MY GOD! DONUT WAKE UP!"

Donut lurched awake and looked around widely. It was darker than it normally was and Halle and Grif stood in front of him, both in normal clothing and with worried looks on their faces.

Donut looked around and saw he was in his room, with the covers on the floor. He was panting frantically and as he looked at Halle, he noticed that she was walking towards him.

She sat down on his bed and gave him a tight comforting hug. Donut; still scared about his nightmare, sank into her hug like she were his mother and started balling.

Halle patted his head and rocked him back and forth like he were a baby, making soothing sounds as she did so. Grif just stayed where he stood and watched as the love of his life comforted Donut.

Donut, inhaling her strong and sweet scented fragrance, calmed down and came back to breathing normally. Halle pulled back and wiped the sweat off his forehead and kissed his forehead. "Better?"

He nodded and smiled gratefully at her. She got up and Grif

imminently took her hand in his.

Donut smiled happily "Are you together now?"

Grif (in an odd change of character) blushed the colour of the team flag. Halle giggled.

"Yes, he finally had the balls to kiss me."

"Hey!" Grif said playfully, pretending to be hurt. "You don't play fair Soph!"

"Never said I did, sweetheart" she smirked and then kissed him on the lips briefly.

Donut beamed "I'm happy for you guys!"

Halle's face turned serious as she turned back to him. "Are you going to be ok now, Frankie?"

Donut nodded and sighed. "I have no idea how I reacted like that. How did I even get here?"

"Well when we came back, you were completely passed out in the Puma. Then Simmons came out, and seeing as I wasn't willing to let go of Halle" Grif smirked at his girlfriend. "-Simmons carried you in here.

Donut's head was buzzing; why the hell did I have that dream? Do I really want that with Simmons? That was sweet of him to bring me here"

"Tell him thanks, if you see him" Donut said and Halle kissed him on the cheek before departing with Grif behind her.

The door closed and Donut collapsed back onto his pillows with his hands over his face.

What the hell?

2. Chapter 2

****2. Time For Action****

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><p>Chapter Two<p>

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><p>Richard 'Dick' Simmons was just attaching his standard maroon helmet when he saw it. His eyes widened for a split second as he mouth popped open in shock. The ship then hovered glumly before dropping rather quickly from the huge height and almost crash landed right in front of the stream in front of Red base. The noise seemed to have awoken Grif, Halle, Lopez and Donut as well.<p>

They all (except Donut) knew that it was too early in the morning.

(They didn't even know what time/day it was as the sun never set around here. Ok, one hour of darkness if they were _lucky_.)

Simmons quickly dropped his helmet clumsily on his head and ran towards his superior officer's room. Grif and Donut were standing warily outside it.

Simmons started to yell through the door "SA-" but Grif lurched forward and clamped his mouth shut with his hands. "Don't!"

"Why?" Simmons asked, pushing away Grif's hands. Grif rolled his eyes and then started speaking as if to a two year old. "BECAUSE, when you disrupt Sarge this early, then you will find that Sarge will load a round into your face."

"How would you know?"

Grif gave him a look and then pulled back his long blonde hair, so you could see right behind his ear. "He caught me once when Donut needed the toilet, Donut made ME ask Sarge."

Donut shuffled guilty next to him. "I'll go in."

"Donut are you insane?" Grif and Simmons both asked him, snapping their heads towards them.

Donut rolled his eyes and before they could pull him back, he'd gone in and the door had shut behind him. Before he did so, he caught Simmons's glance and he could have sworn he saw the pink armoured private go pink himself.

The duo tensed as they leaned closer to the door.

"What are you two up to?"

They both jumped and turned round to see Halle without her helmet on, and hands on her hips. She lookedâ€¦|_cross_?

"D-d-donut just went into S-s-sarge's room and we w-were waiting to see if he'd d-d-died yet!" Grif said, in a stuttering rush.

She rose one perfect eyebrow "Sweetie, have you slept enough?"

"No! That bloody ship woke us up!"

"Well I'm going to investigate. You go back to bed and me and Simmons will go."

Simmons looked at her. "We will?"

"You're up and dressed. Why else would you be up this early?" Halle asked, winding her long ponytail round into a tight bun at the crown of her head.

Simmons nodded; glad his helmet was on. He slotted it properly into place and went back to his room to grab his battle-rifle.

Grif watched Simmons walk back to his room warily. "Why do I think that something big is coming? And that it's got something to do with him?"

Halle rolled her eyes. "You're going crazy, baby."

Grif smirked, then leaned down and kissed Halle sweetly on the lips. "You're correct as always babe."

He then lovingly slotted her helmet on for her, slightly sad to see away her beautiful face.

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Simmons came back out of his room and was shutting the door just as Halle came round the corner. They both nodded and then strode out of the base cautiously and headed round towards the beach area. They were surprised to see Lopez already out.

"Lopez? Why are you out here?" Simmons asked, lowering his weapon.

Lopez grumbled '_speak my language and then you can get an answer dick-head! '_

"Lopez! Apologize now!" Halle spat strictly. "Just because Sarge fitted you with a unit which nobody here apart from maybe me can understand, doesn't entitle you to insult them! You should be grateful that Simmons is here as he warned Sarge about it being damaged!"

Lopez sighed and replied in a sarcastic but genuine clear almost understanding apology. It seemed that Halle was the only person Lopez respected around hereâ€|mainly because she could understand him.

Simmons nodded awkwardly and mumbled a "Thanks" under his breath. Lopez then turned to Halle.

'The ship crash on top of that new jeep I was telling you about. You can tell I'm not happy about that'.

Halle replied soothingly, this time in Spanish_. 'Don't worry; I'll help you best I can. If needed, we can ask Aunt Tex to help. Did you see if anybody came out already?_'

Lopez shook his head. "_No_."

"Thanks Lopez, come on Simmons." Halle said and then advanced slowly towards the ship's back door. It was a relatively small cargo ship, the usual ship they got for rations. But normally, they landed properly and didn't come un-announced.

"Right, we both know how to open it so I guess we'd-" Halle started saying, before the door's hatches came loose and the doors slowly lowered.

"-I guess we can just ermâ€|" Halle finished lamely. Simmons shook his head.

The doors clanged to the bottom and the sound of the ramp was heard.

"Maybe it's just another shipping that came un-" Simmons started to say before he spotted something that wasn't boxes on board. "-there's a person there! In armour!"

Halle loaded her weapon quickly and raised it, so it was level with her eyes. "Let's move."

Simmons followed her as they moved closer and closer to the hatch. When they were three feet away, Simmons coughed and murmured a greeting.

Silence—except the sound of boots moving across the steel floor.

They exchanged a glance before looking back to see a figure clad in a grey freelancer armour with a peach coloured secondary colours. They had a trim on the arms and written on the side was the words 'Ag:V26'.

The figure looked very cautious and stepped awkwardly off the ship and hesitated. They had no handheld weapon, only a magnum attached to the calf.

"Who are you?" Halle called, not lowering her weapon. The figure advanced and twiddled with her fingers, which made the profile look worried.

"I'm. I'm—the—the-n-new p-private here." The person said, and they could tell at once that they were using a voice masker.

"Why are you here?" barked Halle. "I'm, the newest recruit here, this is Red base. Are you the newest Blue?"

"I'm- a-a a-agent" came the stuttering reply. They were twisting their hands together faster now.

"But that means you're here for the Blues!" Halle hissed, "We have enough people here!"

"Blue team are low on recruits, unless you'd rather s-shoot at me from other there-" The figure motioned towards the other side of the canyon. "-T-then t-th-that's n-no-not really f-f-following or-orders f-f-from c-command!"

Halle huffed and lowered the gun. "Remove you helmet."

"No, why should I?"

"To prove you're innocent."

"I'm a freakin freelancer, you idiot!" This time there was no hesitancy as their anger took over. The once writhing hands were now balled into fists.

"Remove it. NOW."

"No!"

"Remove it NOW rookie! Do what I say now! How did you get into the Freelancer program if you don't follow orders?"

Simmons winched, Halle obviously thought freelancers were below her station.

"A FREELANCER IS CHOSEN FOR THE ARMY AND SPECIAL FORCES YOU STUPID WOMAN! I DIDN'T GET INTO THE ARMY FOR GOOD LOOKS! YOU SOUND LIKE THE PERSON WHO'S BEAUTIFUL IN EVERY LITTLE CHARMING WAY AND I'M NOT INSULTING YOU FOR THAT! WHAT I'M PISSED AT YOU FOR DOING IS BOSSING ME AROUND! I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT YOUR SAREGENT IS RED! WHAT ARE YOU? FREAKIN LAVENDER! SO SHUT YOUR MOUTH!"

Silence.

Simmons looked from his teammate to the new recruit. He coughed awkwardly and threw his weapon to the floor, as to not look threatening.

He walked forward, raising his left hand. "I'm Private Dick Simmons. Nice to meet you."

The recruit sighed sadly and seemed to slump as she took his hand and shook it dejectedly. That's why his plan failed. He grabbed her wrist and went to wrestle the helmet off but she'd obviously locked it on with a passcode. Only the brand new equipment could do that.

But the freelancer was good with moves. She punched her arm free and kicked him right over her shoulder and then dived sideways to avoid Halle's attacking form. She ducked under Halle as she raised her gun to aim at the newest arrival.

"Halle, _don't_!" cried Simmons. "She's right; Tex is a freelancer for crying out loud! Don't you remember?"

Halle froze, her eyes widened in recognition and her gun dropped to the ground.

The freelancer had obviously overcome her nerves as she strolled causally towards Halle, flexing her fists.

"You are an idiot, why don't you understand what terms mean, before you try to attack me. I'm not an old freelancer like good old Allison is, but I'm the next generation as it were. I need to speak with your sergeant at once." She commanded.

This time Halle didn't argue. She grabbed her gun and stomped inside the base, slamming the door behind her.

Simmons turned back to the freelancer to see her holding her hand out. He now felt slightly guilty for tricking her.

"Private Dick Simmons, good to meet you, I'm Agent V26, Head of Simulation Troopers and Negotiations. I'm mainly an office worker, rather than the field-work but I'm well trained in either slot."

"Can I ask your real name?" Simmons asked hopefully.

"I met you less than ten minutes ago and already you've assisted your teammate to try and reveal identity on me and possibly use me as a hostage. For a person so high at my station, I'd rather keep that

under wraps until its time." She said simply.

"By the way, I'm err sorry aboutâ€|" he started.

Rolling her eyes, she walked away from him and into the base.

3. Chapter 3

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><p>Chapter Three<p>

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><p>The new arrival had more than enough experience in this job already to know how her simulation troopers acted, especially as they kept recognizing freelancers all the time.<p>

_Mental Note#1: Lance Corporal Sophia Anne Hale just got a tick next to her name as she has successfully attempted (yet failed) to trap a freelancer upon arrival to Valhalla, outpost 17B. _

Mental Note#2: Private Richard 'Dick' Harvey Simmons has received the same target, once more at the same outpost as L.C Hale.

"HALLE AND SIMMONS FRONT AND CENTRE ON THE TRIPLE!" came the raged voice of the red Sargent, 'Sarge'.

They all strode quickly away from her as she sat down at one of the small wooden chairs round an oval shaped table in the cramped kitchen. Sarge looked furious and he was sitting at the head of the table beside himself with rage.

"What in Sam hells is going on around here? First Donut wakes me up and says a ship has landed, and THEN I get a message that you, Halle had tried to attack our new arrival!"

"We thought it was a trap from the Blues sir!" Simmons said in a pleading voice.

There was a man standing behind the table in the doorway to the hall and he snorted with disbelief. The freelancer heard his murmur of "kiss-ass" and his sigh. As she turned round, the freelancer realised that he'd caught the look from Halle. The look was irritated yet intimate.

Mental Note#3: This may not be any of my business but LC Halle seems to have a connection to orange armoured solider. Records show that this isâ€|

The inner monologue broke as she got fed the information of Command into her helmet.

â€|**Minor Junior Private Negative First Class** Dexter Thomas Grif? Dear lord, what is going on with my system?

"Agent V26, have you introduced yourself to our men?" Sarge said a knowing look in his voice.

The freelancer grinned as she flicked a switch inside her helmet. There was silence.

"I've already told one of your soldiers who I am Sarge. Shame is that I'm not here permanently. It is good to see you againâ€|_uncle_." She said, with a smile in her voice. But apart from the voice masker making her sound like an un-recognizable person, her voice was soft and gentle. The more important fact was that it was female.

There were gasps from behind them and in front.

She caught the words "_ANOTHER bloody woman_?" but ignored them.

"Aww V, you never change do you? Maybe this lot might learn from you!"

"Did you warn them that I was arriving today?" V answered, guessing the answer.

Sarge looked down "Erm nah I forgot."

"How about I forget all this and we start over again?"

Sarge nodded, "Men, this is my niece, Veniceâ€|or you call her Agent V26. A proud uncle is me, all I can say to that! This here is the woman in charge of us! In charge of us killing and murdering all the Blues and then the war be over!"

Venice cringed slightly with guilt. Her uncle was being trickedâ€|mainly by herself, but she bound to never reveal that secret.

"But Sarge!" Simmons yelled in annoyance. "They aren't _real_! Remember?"

Sarge acted like he hadn't heard his second-in-command. "Anyhow, whose turn is it to make breakfast?"

"My turn!"

Agent V turned round to see one of the campest looking men she'd ever laid eyes on.

He was wearing a bright pink top and tight white trousers. His hair was a bright honey blond and his eyes sparkled with activity. He stopped short at the sight of her.

Mental Note#4: I have now met Private Franklin Delano Donut.

"And who is this?" he asked, in a strangely male voice than what she expected. She cursed at her stupid schemas.

"I'm Agent V26, good to meet your Private Donut." She said, shaking his hand which he offered. His entire expression lit up like a child's on Christmas morning.

"Is a secret who you are?" he asked, still excited.

"Not really, I'm just choosing to hide it at the moment."

"Ok!" He turned towards the cooker in the corner of the kitchen.

4. Chapter 4

****2. Time For Action****

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><p>Chapter Four<p>

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><p>The following half an hour passed without any interesting incident. Venice refused to remove her helmet but couldn't refuse Donut's cooking. When they'd all walked out (except Donut as he was one that she knew she could trust) she removed the helmet.<p>

Donut's cooking was brilliant. The pancakes he'd made were just right and with the golden syrup, who couldn't resist them?

Donut kept up a steady stream of questions which most of them, she rebuffed as they were too personal.

"Have you ever gone to hit someone but ended up kissing them?" was the strangest question he asked her. Brown furrowed in confusion, she shook her head as she finished her meal. Donut cleaned up the dishes as she put her helmet back on.

"You shouldn't hide that face away" he called to her as she lifted it. "Nobody will bother that you have s-"

"Be quiet!" she hissed angrily. She knew it was a bad idea to remove the helmet.

"Sorry" he answered in a sad voice that made her cringe again. "I'm just saying. Nobody will care about looks. It's your personality that matters." He said softly.

Venice closed her eyes and forced herself to keep the tears out of her eyes. Why was he reminding her of him so much?

Donut reminds me of Trevor and anyone who does that is something to caution.

"I will need to interview you guys for records" Venice continued. "Would you go get my uncle for me?"

"Who's your uncle?" Donut asked curiously.

"Sarge."

Donut gasped and dropped the plate he'd been washing. It didn't break

as it hit the ground, but splashed him with soapy water.

"Really?" he said, amazed.

"Yes, _really_" Venice sighed.

Donut hurried out of the room without another word. Venice sank into a seat at the table and rested her head down on it.

"What's the matter sweetheart?"

Venice jumped upwards as her uncle's voice floated down towards her. He was sitting across the table from her and had a sad look in place.

"I'm fine" she said automatically.

"What did the war do to you Venice?" Sarge said in almost a pained voice. He was scanning the scars that littered his niece's once beautiful stunning face.

"I'm healed, and you know damn well that no soldier in this war did _this_" she said, pointing to her face. The scar that was there ran all the way down from her left eye to her right hand side of her mouth. It was dark but faded.

Sarge scowled into the wood table, his fists clenching. "I knew that I was too late by the time I got there!" he cursed.

"Uncle, you haven't done anything, it was her, who found me first."

"That woman was a crazy psycho Venny! You didn't deserve b-!"

"I'd committed something wrong in his family. That was punishment." She shrugged; glad she'd interrupted the rant.

Sarge grumbled incoherently.

"Right, time to get to business, that part of my life is forgotten Uncle John. You just need to learnt that it isn't going to re-paid. I know what you're like." Venice said, trying to change the subject. It worked.

"I suppose so."

"Full name?" she started, and from her tone, you could tell it was protocol so she had to ask.

"Sargent Jonathan Michael Neilson-Banks."

"Age?"

"Don't you know yer old uncle's age?"

She grinned and wrote down 49. He nodded.

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><p>Chapter Five<p>

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><p>"Full name?" she asked.<p>

Sophie Halle glared across the table at her, arms crossed and looking every part of school nerd being scolded.

"Not going to tell me?"

"You already know! You are in charge of all of us?" Halle spat.

"Yes, well I'm here to check its all up to date. You could have gotton married for all I know! Now tell me, Full name?" Agent V demanded.

"Lance Corporal Sophie Anne Halle."

"I thought it was Sophia."

"I don't like that name. Change it, I go by Sophie here."

"No, your boyfriend calls you that, everyone else calls you Halle."

"How do you-" Halle started in an outraged tone.

"-know that you're dating Dexter Grif?" Agent V finished, a satisfied smirk on her face, though the rookie couldn't see it behind the helmet. "Well first, because Donut gossips like a high school cheerleader â€" but I find him very sincere â€" and also because you keep glancing at each other and kissing whenever you're alone. I happened to hear you when I went to fetch you."

Halle flushed crimson.

â€|

"Why on earth do you have the longest title I've ever heard of?" Agent V asked Grif in disbelief.

Grif shrugged, "Agent Washington changed it for a favour that Sarge asked for. He doesn't like me that much."

"Hmm and when my uncle doesn't like somebodyâ€|" Venice trailed off, grumbling.

Grif's eyebrows rose. "Nah, I had been promoted to Sargent as well, but then Washington wanted a favour to help capture the Meta dude, so Sarge only agreed unless Wash changed my title. I had no idea it would be official."

Agent V, nodded along, making sure that her helmet was recording

everything that the solders had said (apart from her early conversation with her uncle).

"Would you like me to change it back?" Agent V asked the orange solider.

Grif shrugged again "I don't really care."

Agent V hesitantly said "There's another complication with the records I have. It says here, that youâ€|aren'tâ€|"

"What?" Grif said, un-crossing his arms and looking warily at the freelancer.

"Well it says that you're a woman-"

"_SIMMONS_!" Grif bellowed, standing up and yelling up the stairs through the doorway. "YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU _HADN'T_ CHANGED IT!"

"Changed what?" Simmons called back almost lazily.

"I NOT A BLOODY _WOMAN_!"

The sound of raucous and over-whelming laughter could be heard instead of a reply from Simmons. Agent V smirked slightly under her helmet.

Mental Note#5: Private Grif is a man, not a woman.

Also, I have found the source of my data losses, time to speak to Richard Simmons then.

6. Chapter 6

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><p>Chapter Six<p>

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><p>Agent V26 smirked silently to herself as she walked up the stairs towards a door that read SIMMONS 2.0 on the front.<p>

Knock, knock

The door opened slowly after a few seconds. Simmons appeared, looking quite shocking.

He had removed his helmet and half of his face was made of silver steel. His left eye looked like the flashing red light from the Terminator and she fed the information through her helmet's storage file.

Mental Note#6: Private First Class Richard 'Dick' Simmons is part robot?

"Hello Agent Venice, what can I do for you today?" Simmons said in an oddly cheerful voice. V26 raised her eyebrows at his sudden kindness. Or was it just her senses playing up?

"I require your presence for an interview Simmons, to catch up on lost data that had been corrupted during the attack upon Command a few months ago." She replied pleasantly.

Simmons's eye (his human one) twitched slightly.

"Do come in."

He opened the door and she stepped into his bedroom, which was a lot tidier than Grif and Halle's shared room.

Simmons room was slightly smaller, holding one single bed, a desk, two chairs, and a chemistry set, a pile of maths books on the desk and what looked like to be a small but outdated laptop.

"Please have a seat" Simmons said, sitting down in the chair in front of the desk whilst she took the seat beside the desk.

"Now I warn you that these questions follow protocol, even if I already know them. What is your full name and title please?" Venice said.

"Private First Class Richard Graham Simmons, resident cyborg and geek."

"Simmons, that isn't a complete title and you know that. Also, what do you mean cyborg?" Venice asked in a disbelieving tone.

"Well-" Simmons said and the next ten minutes followed the events of her uncle deciding to have a cyborg teammate, due to their robot, Lopez (who only spoke Spanish) being 're-programmed' by the Blues. But in the event of that, the Blues ran over Grif in their tank and he'd almost died. The team had already voted Simmons to be the robot and then he'd told Sarge to give the leftover organs to Grif to save his life.

"-and that is why I'm a cyborg." Simmons finished.

Agent Venice just half gaped at the maroon coloured solidier.

These guys are too odd for this program, maybe this is what the madness of being a simulation trooper does this to you. I hope the other team in this canyon is better than this!

"Have you, or have you not hacked into the mainframe for all of Command's records?" Venice asked, quite bluntly.

Simmons gulped and twittered his hands together.

"Well it was what Sarge wanted at the time, so I thought that because my commanding officer said it, then I should obey his orders." He said weakly.

Mental Note#7: Simmons is such a kiss-ass to my uncle.

"Simmons, as you have heard, he is my uncle. My uncle doesn't believe in all that bollocks and some part of you knows it. He just has these odd ideas in his age. So when I leave once more, you will be looking after him, not having him treat you like shit, because I know he does sometimes. So please stop talking bullshit, and explain the entire story to me to make it clear for me. If not you can join Agent Washington at the UNSC Maximum Security Detention Facility. My records show that that was where he last was, unless you have information about that as well...?"

Simmons hesitated and then sighed. "He's at the Blue base. He faked his own death."

To say Agent Venice 26 was shocked, was an understatement. She fainted.

7. Chapter 7

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Seven<p>

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><p>"What the bloody hell have you done to my niece you complete idiot!" roared Sarge, his face the same colour as his armour.<p>

Simmons stuttered as he tried to explain himself. After the agent had fainted in his bedroom and fallen off her chair, Simmons had hurried downstairs to get Sarge. Sarge followed him upstairs to see his niece, passed out on the floor.

"Sh-she fainted when I told her about some things..." Simmons said uncomfortably.

He now felt slightly bad that he'd reported something that Washington hadn't wanted anyone from Command to discover. But the Blues were their enemies, weren't they?

"Ah god" Sarge groaned and knelt down on the ground.

"Venice, Venny, wake up darling" eh said softly, shaking her slightly. There was a groan and she woke up.

"Why am I on the fucking floor?" she moaned, getting up gingerly.
"What did I do this time?"

"Fainted."

"Of for fucks sake!" Venice growled. "I thought I got over that! God!"

â€|

"Right, so let me get this straight, the Red team here at Outpost 17B

consists of Sarge, Simmons, Grif, Donut, Halle and Lopez?" Agent V26 said, ticking things off her clipboard.

The soilders in front of her nodded. The robot, named Lopez was the last to be interviewed. Luckily Agent V26 had a plan to cheer him up.

"I have got a shipment which inlucdes your daily rations" Agent V26 said to Sarge and then turned to Lopez. "And for you Lopez, as I understand how boring it can be listerning to these lot who only speak Englishâ€|"

"Hey!" Halle snapped, " I can speak Spa-"

Agent V26 directed her magnum to the lavender coloured soilder. "Shut up."

Halle fell silent.

"-As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted, Lopez, here is a present for you."

Agent V26 bent down to her feet in which she had a large box which rattled when she picked it up. She walked over to the brown robot and he took the box, confused.

'_Is this some kind of joke?_' he said in Spanish.

"These are the parts that Sarge ordered for you. These are the parts to create your _compaÃ±ero_."

Lopez audibly gasped which the Red team found quite funny. Agent V26's face and tone were still serious. "She will take several days to complete but seeing as you are quite quick then you might get her done quicker."

Grif asked Halle "Has he got a robot chick in a box?"

Lopez looked like he was going to cry. He put the box down and surprised everyone by hugging the freelancer agent deputy.

'_Muchas gracias! Usted es oficialmente mi mejor hombre!_' Lopez cried into Venice's shoulder. Venice smiled and patted the robot on the back comfortingly.

Agent V26 smiled and replied in fluent Spanish. '_No hay de quÃ© el seÃ±or LÃ³pez, estoy seguro de que muy felices juntos y ella es la mujer que estaba en el depÃ³sito de la Azul ha tenido. Shelia, creo que era su nombre. Ella se lo recuerde.'_'

Grif groaned "When the hell will people stop speaking in a way that we can't understand!"

Lopez pulled out of the hug, picked up the box and hurried off, singing in a happy Spanish voice.

"Seriously, is Lopez _skipping?_" Grif asked in disbelief.

"That was very nice of yer to do Venice" Sarge said, and she could tell he was grinning behind the helmet.

"Just doing my job. Now you lot, how much do you guys know about the Blue team?"

Simmons gulped uneasily again.

â€|

"HEY BLUES!" bellowed Simmons, standing on the normal spying hill ledge he normally stood on in the middle of the green valley. "COME OUT HERE! WE NEED TO _NEGOCIATE_ A SURRENDER!"

What the hell is going on round here? Agent V26 thought as she saw several soldiers come out of the Blue base.

8. Chapter 8

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Eight<p>

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><p>"HEY BLUES! COME OUT HERE! WE NEED TO NEGOCIATE A SURRENDER!"

"What the fuck is that yelling?" yelled Church as he stumbled out of his bedroom, clad in his cobalt blue armour. He walked down the hallway and Caboose ran straight into him.

"Argh! Caboose!" Church growled as he grabbed the rookie's helmet to stop falling over. Caboose stammered an apology and grabbed Church's hand and pulled him back up. Church ripped himself free of Caboose and strode down the hallway, still pissed.

He met Washington at the kitchen table, clad in the blue and gold armour he'd taken from the Freelance Safe House.

"What are they pulling this time?" Wash asked, grabbing his helmet and putting it on quickly. Church shrugged and proceeded outdoors.

He went outside to see Tex and Tucker already outside.

"What the heck is going on?" Church hissed.

Tex glowered at him through her visor "Don't start Church, it's the Reds. Apparently they want to negotiate surrender."

"What the hell? Why surrender?"

"Maybe they're just bored" Wash suggested, "Wouldn't be a first time would it?"

Simmons and Sarge appeared on the ledge cliff in the middle of Valhalla, the Blues walked forwards so they were closer and could

hear the soldiers on the rock.

"Blue team! We call you here today to give you a hostage!" bellowed Sarge.

"I smell bullshit" Tucker said, whipping out his sword. "Hey Tex, want to play with my sword?"

"Tuckerâ€|" Tex warned but Church had already delivered a swift punch to Tucker's face. "Stop flirting with my girlfriend you stupid prick!"

"What do you want?" Tex called, recognizing that the entire team was there.

"Nothing! This person, she's from Command, wanted a word with you guys!" Grif answered.

Church growled under his breath, still annoyed at Tucker.

Washington suddenly went ridged; _did they know he was here?_ He had to make up a name.

"Yeah alright then Reds, fuck it! Bring the person over!" Church yelled.

Caboose called. "Is it a nice person?" Nobody answered him, as usual.

Then over the other side of the cliff came a person in steel and peach coloured armour, with CBQ helmet, a Hayabusa armour plate and EVA shoulders. Standard freelancer agent equipment.

"_Dude_! We have another freelancer on our team!" Tucker whispered excitedly.

"Shut up Tucker!" Wash muttered under his breath as the freelancer approached the Blues.

The deputy stopped in front of the line of Blues. She looked from Tex at one end, to Tucker, Church, Wash and Caboose.

"So you don't want anything?" Church yelled at the Reds.

"Yep! Just keep her safe and whatnot!" Sarge yelled.

Tex raised her eyebrows. She approached the freelancer and held out her hand. "Hiya, I'm Agent Texas, or known as Tex here."

Agent V26 was tempted to switch her voice masker on. She flickered it on and nodded, taking the hand and pre-pared in case she went in for the attack. She didn't.

"Nice to meet you Tex, I'm Agent V26, Deputy of Simulation Troopers and Negotiations. And yes, I realise how boring that sounds." She giggled. Her voice masker wasn't as hoarse as it normally was; it was just harder to tell if she was male or female. Yet the giggle gave her away.

"It's a _chick_!" Tucker gasped.

Agent V26 glowered at him and flicked it off. "You know what, I was warned that a _jackass_ lived in this canyon, and it looks like I just found it!"

Church and Tex burst into laughter.

"I don't get it" Caboose said, un-fazed.

"What are your names?" Agent V26 asked.

She paused as she studied Wash, making him feel quite uncomfortable. "Oh and Hi Wash."

Washington did a double-take. "What the fuck?"

"Tut tut, language. I know you don't wanna be discovered. Ironical how I've got the power to put you in prison but no problem. I won't rat you out David. Anyway, I recognize that figure anywhere."

"My god!" Wash gasped, walking forward. "_Venice_?"

"Hey hunni, how have you been?" Venice smiled.

Washington removed his helmet and smirked at the deputy agent. "You got quite high up in the UNSC didn't you?"

The agent shrugged "Meh, I am fucking cool, its official."

They both chuckled, and then bumped fists. The others looked all exchanged a look.

"Are you fuck buddies?" Tucker said bluntly. The two agents stopped laughing and turned to the aqua coloured armour.

Venice raised her magnum and shot Tucker.

"_Son of a bitch_!" he howled as he clutched his ankle. "What was that for?"

"You are a fucking jackass, jackass. Stop talking to me like I'm a naked woman, which I'm fucking NOT!" Venice spat at him. "Touch me and I will break whatever part of you touches me. Ok?"

Tucker was about to protest, but then a gun was in his face, so he couldn't do anything but nod fearfully at the gun barrel.

Venice straightened up and faced the others. "So that's Tex, David and this _asshole_. Who are you two?"

Church stepped forward and hesitantly took her offered hand. He noticed how small her hand was inside the armour and that her actions were soft and deliberate. "I'm Leonard Church, call me whatever the hell you like."

"Ok _wally-washer_" she said playfully. Church rolled his eyes and Venice laughed. "Only kidding. Like Wash said, just call me Venice, much easier than my freaking title."

"Agent Venice, I'm Michael J Caboose" came the voice from the

standard Blue solider. At once Venice recognized that she would get on with Caboose; he seemed so innocent and genuine.

"Hi Caboose, nice to meet you." She said kindly to the rookie.

"Will you be my second best friend?" he asked seriously. Even though she couldn't see his eyes, she felt his gaze boring into hers. She nodded "Erm ok, just don't fall over yourself to help me though. I might not be the best friend ever Caboose."

"That's ok!" he said brightly. "Church is like thatâ€|but he's my proper best friendâ€|he rocks."

Church snorted once. Venice grinned. Caboose was sweetâ€|even if he was dumb.

"I will need to interview you separately, just to keep up with this protocol that my superiors have made me do. Let's slip inside before I pass out from exhaustion."

"_Bow Chicka Bow Wow!"_ Tucker said quietly.

"WHAT THE HELL DID I SAY ASSHOLE?"

9. Chapter 9

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Nine<p>

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><p>It had been a week since Venice had moved in with the Blues. Before she had decided to remain with the Reds, but she was still annoyed that they traded her off in the way they did. And in any case, the Blue base was way more entertaining. So now she had actually been able to fully relax and become a member of the team.<p>

She had been given a room next to Church and Tex's, quite far away from Tucker's room. This was something she was quite grateful for and actually hugged Church when he assigned her that room, due to the fact that he guessed that she wanted to be away from the aqua solider.

She was surprised on how well she had been getting on with Church. He may be with Tex half the time and moany as hell but nobody was perfect. She found him quite funny and there were several times when she felt like the two of them were in charge and had a lot in common.

Whereas Tucker annoyed the hell out of her.

Tex was quite friendly but there were sometimes that she felt her eyes on the back of her head when she was around Church. Agent V26 had to laugh when it dawned on her that Tex might think she was

flirting with him. But to be honest, she was actually felt that she was flirting with David. Some part of her told that that wasn't a good idea.

The Blues had now started to drift away from the fact that her job was to observe them. But she was taking fewer 'mental notes' every day and she was glad therefore, that she was having more fun than just sitting behind a desk all day. Out in Valhalla, the others complained it was boring. But then she went back to her ship and collected the things she'd meant to give them.

The third day she'd been here, Caboose had suggested playing a game of Tag with the Reds. This soon became a good idea and they sent her, to tell the Reds. Her uncle was glad to see that she was "in one piece" and agreed before she'd told him what he was agreeing to. But they used paintball guns instead of actually touching them.

The game had been fun. The teams were shuffled around; there was Venice, Tex, Church, Caboose and Donut. Then the others which were Halle, Grif, Simmons, Tucker and Sarge. Wash had decided that he wasn't playing but thought it fun to corner Venice.

â€|

Venice had dashed out from behind her boulder and did a cartwheel to dive behind another tree.

"I saw you Venice!" called Wash, smirking to himself as he jogged over to her spot.

"Aww crap!" she said and sprinted right across the grass, tearing after where she'd seen Tex run off to. Wash was right behind her. She'd dropped her gun and her helmet wasn't locked on properly with the secure passcode.

She could almost feel him raise the gun to fire at her head.

"Get down!"

Suddenly she was pulled off to the side behind a larger rock and something heavy fell on her. She got the wind knocked right out of her and she looked up to see Church crouching over her, holding a single finger to his mouth. She smiled. Her heart was beating wildly as she'd just been running and tried to calm it.

Church raised his magnum and seemed to contemplate wither or not he should shoot.

Venice got up and gently took the gun from his armoured hand. Church jumped slightly and turned as she raised the gun and aimed. Washington was 550 years away. She pulled the trigger and Wash turned just in time to get a load of blue paint blast onto his visor. Church was very impressed.

"I heard you were really bad at aiming" she said softly. "I'll help you if you want."

Church was now impressed and surprised. "Er, well. Ermm thanks, Venice."

She smirked and then ran towards the now blinded Washington. She stood behind him and poked him in the back of the helmet.

"Who is that?" he asked sharply, rising his gun. She grabbed it from his grasp.

"You don't like not being in control, do you David?" she said smoothly.

He wiped his visor with his armoured hand. He was now able to look partially. He reached out and went to seize her by waist. But she wasn't a fully trained and well skilled deputy for nothing.

"You are a sneaky little thing Venice!" he chuckled, reaching for her again. She neatly dodged his arm and kicked his wrist away. He winced and then started chasing her.

He went to grab her but she twirled swiftly out of the way. He kicked the legs out from under her but instead she did a forward roll out of the way. Wash went again to grab her, but then.

"OW SON OF A BITCH!" cried Venice as she grabbed her nose. Blood trickled out from under hand and started to dribble down her chin.

"Sorry Venice!" Washington said hurriedly. Venice shook her head and pelted back towards the base. She had to act quickly.

"Venice, what's the matter?" Caboose said. Caboose and Donut were sitting on the sofa in the Blue base. As Venice hurried past, Donut spotted the blood. He leapt upwards at once. "Venice! What happened to your nose?"

"Err Wash accidentally punched me in the face. I provoked him; we wereâ€|errr playing around."

Donut gave her a knowing look. "What kind of playing around?"

"Damnit Donut! Who are you, my freakin mom?" Venice snapped half trembling as the flow of blood increased.

"I'm not good with blood and neither is Caboose, I'll go get someone." Said Donut and he and Caboose fled the base.

"Bastards" she muttered as she fiddled with the sticky plastic. Several attempts later she couldn't do it. "Oh come on you stupid piece of sh-"

"Venice, what's wro-" Church's speech faltered off once he caught sight of her faceâ€|and mentally gasped in horror.

Her face was round but pretty and the stream of blood wasn't exactly complimenting the flushed look on her face. He'd witnessed the whole incident with Washington and for some reason he felt irritated at the former freelancer. But the thing that shocked him was the scars.

One scar in particular stood out from the others which looked more like battle scars. The massive long scar ran straight down her face diagonally and cross her nose from the corner of her eye to her

lips.

"Who the _fuck_ did that to your face?" he growled.

Venice was shocked at his outburst. She was mainly embarrassed that her helmet seemed to have slipped off in the scuffle with Wash and that now she was displaying her scared face to the world; something she hadn't bargained on.

"Errr, I think the blood running down my face is more important at the moment Church. Can you undo this for me, my hands are all sweaty." She handed the wet-wipe packet to him.

He opened it easily and then hesitated. He investigated each of the long scars and seemed at a loss of what to say. He always thought that he was protective of his team (even though he wasn't officially the leader) but this was different. It was like seeing something bad happen to someone like a sister to him.

Instinctively he pulled out a wet wipe and approached her.

"I can do it, you don't have to â€" she started to say but he just gave her a look that confused her, so she fell silent.

"I want to" was all he said. She nodded and then leant back on the kitchen counter as he moved the wet wipe and quickly wiped most of the excess blood. She hissed as the sting hit her sensitive cut just under her nose.

"Was it Wash?" he asked as he got another wet-wipe.

"Yeah, but it was nothing '_big brother'_ " she joked, knocking his shoulder once playfully. He smiled happily and continued to wipe the cut.

10. Chapter 10

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Ten<p>

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><p>"I didn't know you were a fully trained in medical, Doctor Church" Venice asked with a grin on her face to the cobalt coloured teammate. He chuckled humourlessly. "I got some info from some medic called Doc, or Dufrane, I can't remember. He used to be around us at Blood Gulch."

Mental Note#:8: Church and the guys had a medic, reports show this is Frank De-Frame.

"Well thank you for _err_ cleaning me up" Agent V26 said, now somewhat embarrassed. Church looked at her amused and shrugged. "I try to look after my team."

She nodded absent mildly.

Tex and the others walked in, she was holding onto the deputy's helmet. Venice automatically turned around and stood up so she was facing the concrete wall of the base.

"Hi Venice, you dropped your helmet. Why are you facing the wall?" Tex asked, walking over to her slowly and putting the helmet in the agent's hands. The said agent sighed.

The entire room was silent.

"Ermm nothing." She said, but didn't manage to fool anybody.

Donut piped up "Show them your face sweetie."

Sarge stood up hastily "Donut, don't you dare pressure my niece into anything!"

Donut slumped but Caboose put an arm round him "Don't worry Major Muffin."

"Niece?" yelled the entire Blue team.

Grif and Simmons rolled their eyes in sync with each other.

Venice took a deep breath and turned round quickly. "It's nothing, guys, seriously."

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!" screamed Tucker. "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING HERE?"

Something hit Tucker so quickly that he flew off his seat and onto the floor. Everyone turned around to see Sarge and Church on their feet, looking like they had both hit Tucker at the same time.

They both turned round to look at the others, Church sat down quickly, avoiding Tex's gaze. Tex's gaze was confused and slightly peeved. Church had never defended her like that before, he'd hit Tucker the other day when he'd tried a go at her, but that was because he was in a bad mood.

"I'm not going to tell you how I got theseâ€|" Venice waved her hand at her face. "â€|because it's nothing you guys should know. Uncle, if you tell them I won't forgive you. That is something I will only tell somebody if I have toâ€|and I don't have to tell you guys. Thank you though for not copying Tucker's example, I, I appreciate it. Now if you don't mind, I'mâ€|I'm going to bed."

Venice smiled weakly and walked past the others towards the hallway.

She went into her bedroom and locked the door. Then she flung her helmet across the room and collapsed onto her bed, fighting the tears that she knew were spurred on by Tucker's display. The others probably thought she was disgusting, or some scum.

_"You will be seen as noting but a filthy whore that you are!" _her memory spat at her.

She cringed and clutched at her pillow, trying to keep herself mute and calm down at the same time. She hated being seen as a weak person, nobody in the army wanted that. She was a deputy of Simulation Troopers, she had to look truth. Now she was breaking down in one of the bases she commanded!

11. Chapter 11

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Eleven<p>

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><p>Church was fuming, what the hell was Tucker doing, screaming insults at Venice?

At once he'd seen her face crumple as some old fear surfaced and he'd done the only thing that occurred to him: kill Tucker.

But now Tex was giving him odd looks for defending somebody on his team. He huffed in annoyance as he spotted Tex and the Reds heading outside.

Caboose was still sitting down on the sofa with Donut, humming happily as he stroked his hair.

Tucker was still out for the count and nobody had bothered helping him.

_Why should they? _Church thought angrily, _he shouldn't have insulted and had a go at Venice like that._

Speaking of the deputy agent, he was walking past her room when he could hear muffled sounds of what he guessed were sobbing. Running his hands through his hair he groaned mentally and knocked on the door.

No reply, just a sudden silence answered him.

He knocked again.

Nothing.

He sighed and knocked a third time, this time muttering "Open up Venice, it's me."

He heard movement and then the door slowly opened to reveal Venice, who looked like she _had_ been crying.

She let him in and she closed the door behind him.

"I'm sorry about the Tucker thing" he said awkwardly, not sure what to say.

She tried to act causal as she shrugged, which looked more like a

slump of defeat. "It doesn't matter; I was kinda expecting it anyway."

"Why?"

"It normally happens, except people are a lot more _subtle_ and don't scream bloody murder when they see me."

He gritted his teeth together "I am sorr-"

"Church, you cannot control everybody on your team's actions. Tucker just flipped and I'm sure when he's recovered from the blow you and my uncle gave him, then he will crawl back to me and apologize. Otherwise he is the biggest jerk I've ever been in the company of." She said with a final tone.

He looked up at her sheepishly "Are you still upset?"

She contemplated that.

"A little" she settled on. "Are you going to give me a hug or something? That'd be nice."

Church hadn't been leading to that, but _screw it_, he thought. _What harm could a hug do?_

As he wrapped his slightly tanned muscled arms round her small and slender frame, leaning in to instinctively inhale her scent (coconut oil), and she rested her head on his chest, the door banged open.

They both jerked away from each other and looked at the doorway.

12. Chapter 12

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twelve<p>

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><p>Tex stood on the threshold and she looked pissed.<p>

"What's the matter Tex?" Venice asked, unaware of the 'danger' Tex was renowned for.

The ex-freelancer glared at the younger woman, then to her boyfriend. "Why are you in here alone?"

Venice snorted with supressed laughter. "Oh my god, are you _suggesting_- _oh my god_!" she started chuckling. "You think he's _cheating_-? Oh my god that's _hilarious_!"

Tex looked at her confused. "Are you drugged?"

"No, man, Church was just giving me a hug as he was worried that I would separate you two as you are technically classed as a 'un-stable' by-product of Project Freelancer." Venice said smoothly, thrilled that this lie came straight to her.

Tex froze; "_What_"

"No problem, not exactly my department, but I won't be returning to Command for several weeks, so I'm hardly gunna rat you out! Kinda going against my job but I will deal with that issue when I like have to!"

Venice clapped her hands and then checked her watch "Well look at the time! Seems that I was voted to be the one on the dinner rota tonight! See you guys later!"

She then left the room, leaving behind a relieved Church and a befuzzled Tex.

13. Chapter 13

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Thirteen<p>

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><p>Over the course of the next two weeks, Agent V26 found it quite hard to bring herself to imagine not being here in the green valley of Outpost 17B. She found the two teams endearing to her and she adored watching how some personalities clashed and how some would also respond to said clashes.<p>

One good example would be when she witnessed first-hand one of Church and Tex's break up fights. Since before she'd arrived, they'd already made up and started darting in what had been a few years long gap. But then came the fight and Tex had stormed out screaming abuse at her irritated boyfriend.

â€|

"You are fucking impossible Leonard!"

"You stupid bitch! Why the heck are you raiding my wallet again? I hope you're not going to fucking shag Tucker!"

"Would you actually give a shit if I did that?"

"Of course you dumb bitch!"

"Oh fuck off you asshole! Why haven't you got cash?"

"We're in a fucking war you cow! How the fuck am I gunna earn money?"

Tucker and Venice froze in what small talk conversation they had been

having as Tex and Church's raised and angry voices were heard from the kitchen table.

They both went silent to eavesdrop.

"What are you doing looking at porn? Leonard, I thought we discussed that we weren't stealing porn! Where did you get this?"

"Errr"

"CHURCH!"

"Tucker may have lent me his..errr..thingy."

"Bow chicka wow wow" Tucker whispered, grinning. Venice rolled her eyes and continued chopping up the carrots for the dinner. But that didn't mean she couldn't hear Tex's response.

"You stupid wanker! What were you doing with Tucker's dick?"

"I never said dick! I meant the porn!"

"Church! I thought we agreed no porn!"

"You never give me anything to wank over you stupid heartless cowbag!"

Deathly silence. It was so loud that Venice couldn't hear her own heartbeat. She raised her hand to cover her mouth in shock.

Then came the sound of a solid punch and then the bedroom door banged open, with so much force that it blew a breeze down the hallway to the kitchen. Tucker quickly busied himself with his cup of beer. Venice poured the chopped carrots into the dish and then set about peeling the potatoes as she heard Tex walking down the hall.

Venice focussed on peeling the vegetables, softly humming under her voice to somehow ease the thick tension.

"Venice, may I have a word with you?"

Venice jumped, not expecting to be spoken to by Tex. She turned and looked at Tex calmly. "Course, hang on a sec."

She quickly laid aside her work and removed her apron. She then followed the ex-freelancer down the hall again and up the stairs that lead to the roof. They got up and then Tex walked near the edge and sank down the concrete wall and sighed. She curled up into a ball and shivered.

Venice wasn't too sure what was happening but as she was a woman, she recognized when Tex needed someone to rant her feelings off too. She sat down next to Tex and looked at her.

"Shoot" she probed softly.

Tex hung her head and then the tears came pouring down, making Tex look ghastly pale. Venice scooted over to her and put her around round her shoulders.

"Did you h-hear what w-we we-were sa-saying?" Tex hiccupped.

Venice nodded.

"How can he be so cruel?" Tex asked, her tone telling Venice that she really was a woman inside rather than the cold hearted person she might be mistaken for sometimes.

"Don't worry Tex, Church is Church isn't he? You know him better than us guys. You've known him the longest. He sounds like a bit of a twat to me." She said with a chuckle.

Tex smiled and Venice removed her arm and put her hand in her lap.

"I see you've got comfy with Wash, where is he anyway? Haven't seen him for a few days." Tex asked.

Venice blushed slightly at the mention of Wash. "He's been spending some time with himself, locked up in his room. Sounds to me like he's having his period or something."

Tex burst into laughter and Venice joined her. "Church will come round, you both said things you regret. You guys are always playfully bickering so it should seem natural for you guys." Venice said simply. Tex nodded.

"Thanks for being helpful Venice" she said sincerely. Venice bumped fists with Tex.

"Anytime buddy" she said, smiling happily.

14. Chapter 14

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Fourteen<p>

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><p>Church was harder to come round to admitting he'd said things badly.<p>

As soon as Venice had come downstairs to continue making dinner, she spotted Tucker talking to Church. Church seemed to have been punched in the eye by Tex as his eyes were slightly swollen and red around the edge. Tucker looked up and exchanged a look with her. She nodded and walked past, not noticing that Church watched her walk past him and then fasten the apron on round her waist.

Venice quickly peeled the rest of the vegetables, put them in the saucepans and then put the skins and waste into the bin. She then opened the oven to check the meat, closed it, straighten up to see Church standing at the counter island, making her jump.

"Geez, if you fucking do that again, _wally-washer_â€|" she threatened.

Church rolled his eyes unkindly.

Venice then wiped down the counter where she'd been working and only just realised that he was still watching her. She turned round, put her hands on her hips and glared. "_What_?"

His eyes widened slightly at her tone but threw back the contents of his beer down his throat. "Nothing" he said, just as sharply.

"Then stop watching me, I'm _not porn_ you know" she hissed.

She turned to the sink and washed her hands, massaging the soap into her pores before rinsing and then drying her hands with the tea-towel.

She turned at his question. "Why are you acting so _bitchy_?"

She almost snorted with laughter. "I'm not the bitchy one here, Mister Grumpy!" she retorted.

She flicked the radio in the corner on and then grabbed herself a beer from the fridge, choosing to ignore him as she checked the meat again and tried to work out how long it had been cooking.

He just continued staring at her. After ten minutes of silence she heard a new song playing on the small radio. Church looked like he'd been about to speak but she turned the music up.

****(Insert Cher Lloyd â€" With Ur Love)****

As the music got to the bridge she couldn't help but murmur the words quietly to herself. She smiled as the memories of the song floated into her head and she reminded herself of the sways she did as she almost danced across the kitchen like a stage.

Church was stunned to see the agent acting in such a free spirited way. He'd wanted to bitch to someone in his own special way but Venice was making it harder for him to remain angry as she spun across the tiled floor.

The scent of roast beef in the oven almost cheered him up. As the song ended, Venice found that she was slightly pink and turned the radio off.

"Your good at singing" Church complimented her. She only answered by swirling towards the fridge and plonking a beer bottle in front of him.

"Haha, food is ready, go call the troops" was all she said, but with a grin and a twinkle in her eye.

15. Chapter 15

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Fifteen<p>

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><p>David (or Agent Washington as most people knew him) lay on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and sighed. He wasn't sure why he'd remained in his room for so long. It was good that he'd been getting knocks at the door, opening it to see an apple or a coffee in the day that he knew only Venice would deliver.<p>

Venice, he thought. _How much had she changed since he last saw her?_

The time he first heard of herâ€¦

She hadn't been in such a high position then, she'd been right at the bottom of the pile, taking in calls from the freelancer's recovery beacons. She'd been the one to answer his recovery beacon, way before the major freelancer missions had started.

He remembered as if it was yesterday.

He fumbled with himself, only seeing the blood that stained his hands and seeing his team-mate Maine, lying on the desert ground in front of him.

"Command, this is Agent Washington, in need of recovery ASAP!"

There was no pause in his reply.

"Hello Agent Washington, this is Command's Recovery Beacon caller, what is your injury and location?"

The voice was a young gentle voice that calmed him at once.

"Agent Maine with me, shot in the legs several times, I am loosing blood quickly." His voice was visibly scared and he was feeling himself panic.

The girl picked up on his tone. "Ok, your beacon says you are not too far from the closest freelancer safe house. I am paging the medical team there and are now currently on their way as I've sent them your coordinates."

"T-thanks" he stammered. He was a young adult and hadn't yet gained the necessary experience needed for the freelancer program yet.

"Agent Washington-"

"Call me Wash" he interrupted her. She paused.

"Ok, Wash, you are in safe hands, I have a scanner, you will be able to hear the medical team any minute now, and they are very close. Is Agent Maine still breathing?" her voice was calm and friendly.

He crawled hastily over to his friend. He was still breathing.

_"He's alive" Wash gasped, his hopes lifting slightly, glad he wouldn't be the cause of Maine's death. _

"Ok, the medical team shall be there soon-"

"Can you stay with me?" he asked, still terrified that the blood leaving his body wasn't going to be able to be stopped by his hands covering his wound.

"Wash, listen to my voice. What is your favourite colour?" she said sweetly, directing his attention to something other than the situation.

"Ermm peach."

She chuckled.

"What's yours?" he asked her.

"Cobalt, surprisingly enough." She laughed cheerfully. The sound made him smile.

"What's your name?" he asked desperately.

"Wellâ€|nobody knows that. You can call me Venice." She said sneakily.

"I know this sounds odd" he stammered, unsure why he was asking her. "But could I meet you?"

"I'd love to meet you Wash. But let's not dwindle off the topic completely. After you return to Command, submit a request to see me, tell them my name and at once they will know you've spoken to me. Maine still breathing? You feeling alright still?"

Wash smiled, desperately longing to meet the woman behind the kind voice. "Yep and I'll be fine."

He could hear the grin in her voice "You're so brave, I'd be freaking out."

He was beaming now. "I was, but I'm fine now" as he spotted the medical team rushing towards them. She laughed and bid goodbye to him.

â€|

The first time he saw her, was a day he'd never forget.

â€|

"Hi" he said to the person at the reception desk. "I would like to submit a request to see a Miss Venice?" he asked hesitantly.

The person looked up sharply. It was a kind looking young girl, aged around nineteen who had wavy brown hair and a beautiful face. Her skin was completely un-ruined and her eyes were a warm brown.

She beamed at him. "Yes sir?"

Wash jumped "Venice?"

She winked at him, nodding her head "At your service Agent Wash."

He just gaped at her for a second. She stood up from her desk. "One second."

_She then walked out of a door and a few seconds later she came out of a door to the side of the booth. _

She walked over to him, "Sorry if I'm not as you thought I'd be." She said, smiling.

He blinked and shook his head. "I-I di-din't m-mean that" he stuttered.

_Her smile never faltered. "Come on, Wash." _

She took his hand and towed him down a hallway towards a small office area. The area was empty and she walked over towards a desk covered in cards and over-flowing folders. She sat down in a seat and he sat down next to her.

"It's good to finally meet you" he said shyly.

Venice looked him over; he must have been older than her, but only just. His messy hair was a light brown and made him look quite handsome for a teenager.

"Same here. It's been months since that recovery beacon. How are you feeling?" she said, her eyes looking downwards to the padding on his lower chest that was obvious that he still wore a bandage.

He shrugged, but then winched. "I'm all good."

She rolled her eyes. "Course you are sweetie. Tell me, how the heck did you get into that position anyway?"

The rest of the meeting lasted over two hours and they both found out quite a bit about each other. They had good chemistry and they flirted with each other quite easily.

At the end, Venice leaned towards him and kissed him on the cheek, noticing how cute he looked with a blush colouring his cheeks.

"It was very good meeting you at last David" she said, and he felt complete when she said his real name. She had fully refused to hand over hers.

"You too Venice."

_His voice was husky and already the air was filled with tension as the two looked at each other. Wash noticed how her eyes dilated slightly, her cheeks coloured, her breathing was faster and before he knew it, he'd leant forwards and kissed her quite passionately.

-

Surprised at the gesture, but welcoming it fully, Venice responded openly and slowly, moving her mouth in sync with his. Her hands sneaked round his neck and slid easily into his ruffled hair. Wash smiled through the kiss and pulled her close, his insides jumping up and down because she hadn't pushed him away.

â€|

Knock, knock, knock.

Wash jumped out of his memories as the door was knocked on.

He jumped up and opened the door to see the woman of his fantasies, grown up and completely different to what she'd used to be like. The war had hardened Venice and she was more wary of who she trusted and how she acted. If he'd kissed her as she was now, he would have been injured badly.

"Are you ok David?"

She was the only person he knew who could get away with using his first name.

"Hmm?"

She studied him with an odd look and waved her hand in front of his face. "Wash, dinner's being served and I want you to _not_ eat it in here. Come on."

And like all those years ago, except tougher, she grabbed his hand and pulled him down towards the kitchen.

16. Chapter 16

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Sixteen<p>

* * *

><p>Agent David Washington allowed himself to be dragged away from the comforts of his solidarity room, by his former girlfriend. He let his thoughts loosen as she tried to drag him down the narrow hallway.<p>

Her hand was still as small and soft as he remembered; her skin was still smooth and glowed in its own paleness. Her face had the biggest change.

The scars and swipes of what looked like to a knife damaged her innocent beauty.

For a second, he allowed himself a moment of fury towards the person who had tortured Venice. The last time he'd seen her, she'd been how she'd always been. But then when she arrived at the Blue base and

removed her helmet and he'd seen the _scars_—he was glad that Church and Sarge had both hit Tucker, because he'd wanted to _kill him_ for that stupid comment.

They had arrived at the kitchen, and the smell of Venice's famous roast beef dinner sprang his memories into overcharge. He had to bite back his sudden longing.

"Come on, Wash, sit down."

Her voice awoke him from his senses and as he looked at her, she smiled gently at him before walking over towards the kitchen counter where the food was.

The others were all gathered around the table. He sat down beside Church and he snorted when he spotted the blackening eye he sported. The said soldier glowered at him; clearly Tex had hit him when he'd heard the commotion.

Tucker was beside Caboose at the other end of the table, opposite Church. Tucker kept avoiding Church's gaze and kept looking down at his lap. Caboose was his usual self and talking rubbish.

"Oh _Vinnie_!" he called to Venice who was bending over the beef she was carving.

She lifted her head up and her expression warmed at the nickname, Caboose was like a child to her, it was sweet. "Can I help you? _Pleeease_!"

She straightened up and nodded. He got up happily and bounced over to her. She bent down and whispered something in his ear, pulled away and Caboose nodded very slowly.

His curiosity getting the better of him, Wash watched as Caboose took a plate with some meat served on it and called to him. "What do you want with this Mr Washingtub?"

He rolled his eyes. "Everything."

"Not literally, Caboose!" Venice scolded him slightly. "Wash wants a bit of everything—yes like that."

Wash rolled his eyes again and got up the fridge and took out several bottles of beer. He plonked one in front the others at the table. The others grunted their thanks.

Caboose walked slowly towards him, holding a very tasty looking roast dinner. He placed it very slowly and carefully in front of his space on the table, then turned round and went back to help Venice. Wash sat down and smiled as he remembered all the meals Venice cooked him whilst they were dating.

"What are you smirking at?" Church snapped at him.

Wash faced him "Is it illegal to show emotion in this place now?" he replied, in a sarcastic tone.

Church glowered again. Wash ignored him.

â€|

"So what do you guys think?" Venice asked, as she went to fill her glass of wine. The others had finished their food and they all looked stuffed.

"Its things like this that make me miss my mom" Caboose said quietly. Venice stood up and patted the younger soldiers shoulder. "Don't worry Caboose."

He smiled.

Church and Tucker were still avoiding Venice, and ignoring her. This infuriated wash. When Venice moved round the table and bent to take Tucker and Church's plates, they both automatically shifted away from her. She rolled her eyes and then went back and placed their plates in the washing up bowl. Wash got up, grabbing his and Caboose's plates.

"Why are those two acting odd?" he asked the deputy, making her jump slightly. She turned to him, her face un-bothered.

"Church is still in a pissy and won't admit to Tex that he did something wrong. That's why he has a blackening eye. Tucker, for obvious reasons, contains the same amount of pride. He hasn't apologized to me yet. But I don't really care at the moment." She explained.

"Where is Tex?"

"She went to see Halle for lunch; she missed out on a good roast. I think I did myself proud again!" she beamed.

He lowered his voice and locked his gaze with her, determined to speak. "You have always made good roasts Venice. Don't you think I remember?"

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "I know David, but don't get carried away." She patted his arm. "You can wash while I ready the desert."

"Did I hear you say desert?" Caboose practically yelled.

Venice turned and beamed once more to the rookie. "I hope you like cake."

"What type of cake?"

Wash, Church and Caboose all turned to Tucker. He seemed annoyed that he'd spoken.

Venice answered him coolly "Chocolate Gateau with cherries and cream."

He recoiled by smiled tensely. Venice turned to Wash and mouthed 'I told you he would come round eventually'.

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Seventeen<p>

* * *

><p>One thing that anybody noticed while they observed Deputy-Agent Venice26, was that when she was alone, or left to herself and in a sort of hazy daze (like for example, when she was doing the washing up of the roast beef dinner) she would often sing softly to herself, or hum certain lyrics she wanted to express herself with.<p>

Church hadn't moved from his seat at the table in the Blue base, in which he was able to spy on their guest while she thought she was alone. He was only still sitting there as he couldn't be bothered to move from the spot. He'd snoozed off as the others had departed the table and he'd split his beer down his trousers. Now; soaked he didn't really want to stand up and her to see him like that.

Venice smiled as she leaned across and repeatedly washed the plates and saucepans slowly, as if she were delicately cleansing somebody's skin herself. She found herself flooding her head of images of her time as the trained freelancer agent she officially was.

It was odd how she preferred the important little jobs that most people overlooked. She sighed softly for a moment as she reminded herself of how David had stared at her earlier.

She paused in her rinsing of the plates and stared at the concrete wall in front of her.

Why had he said ****that****? In ****that**** voice, and with ****that**** look in his eyes?

She shook her head; she needed to stop looking too deeply into how a man's thought process revealed itself.

David was (or had been) a totally different man to others she'd dated. Ok, he'd been the first person to kiss, the first to fall in love with, the only real relationship that she'd ended, but only because it was necessary for her to do so.

Then her thoughts became darker.

The locked closet in her mind of her worse memories and fears threatened to crash open. She shuddered and slowly raised a cleaned wet hand to her scared face.

She closed her eyes, remembering how it had all happened. It had been the knocking-out blow that was the worse cut on her face, the one that had almost broken her nose and could have paralysed her eyes and mouthâ€|

She shuddered once more and sighed more deeply, heavily as she tried to shift the burden from her shoulders.

That past had been way after her relationship with David. The

expression 'young love' could be used to describe that time.

But David hadn't been her first for _everything_. It had been Trevor who she had given her virginity toâ€|

She clasped her hands tightly on the washboard; don't remind yourself of him! She snapped at her wandering mind. You will isolate yourself like you did last time!

She twisted her neck and heard it click. She grimaced and turned aroundâ€|

â€|and almost jumped afoot in the air when she spotted the cobalt armoured soldier sitting at the table, staring at her in almost horror.

18. Chapter 18

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Eighteen<p>

* * *

><p>Church continued looking at her in shock, she looked so dead, and empty when her eyes had met his across the room. Even from where he sat, he saw the ghost a horrific fear she dreaded that had happened in her past, or future.<p>

"What are you doing?" she half-screamed.

He jumped up and instinctively, her eyes saw the wet patch and assumed the worse.

"You _haven't_â€|" she started to growl. He flushed red in the face.

"_No_! I split my drink! You seriously think _I'd wank over you_?" he sneered, not realising what he'd spouted until he saw her face react to the words.

She slumped yet her eyes looked determined and pissed.

"Either you _fucking_ apologise for that _fucking_ idiotic mean insult!-she yelled. "-Or I will come over and make that stain turn
red." *****

He paled.

She would have laughed if she hadn't been so pissed off.

"You are going to go to Tex and fucking say sorry you fucking outrageous big headed _tit_!" she screamed at him, her eyes flashing.

"Wha-" he started but she launched herself towards him.

In a second, he was pinned against the wall.

"I said-" she almost purred in his ear as she glowered. "- that if you don't _man up_ to what you've said to Tex, otherwise I will _castrate_ you myself!" _trust me_, I know how to!"

"Ok_, Wait, what_?" he gasped. He tried not to find it attractive that she wasn't panting in her effort to hold him up. He'd heard what the others said about his weight issues.

"And, you can learn a lesson to fucking control-" she spat, and with her other hand, tapped his forehead painfully. "-your _shitty_ pointless _petty_ rage and frustration. You don't need to swear or throw insults to make your team give you respect! It's called _leadership, Leonard L. Church_"

His eyes widened. "How do you kn-" he started again but she released him and he crumpled to the ground.

"I _thought_ you actually took me in" she said sadly, and her rage was gone, instead she looked the vulnerable weak offended woman he'd seen when Tucker had insulted her. "-I thought you guys, _especially_ you, understand that I cannot exactly get rid of _these_" she motioned to her scars. "- and that I actually have _ears_ and fucking _feelings_"

She then stormed off. but not before Church caught the tears brim up in her eyes. A moment later, he heard a door slam.

19. Chapter 19

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Nineteen<p>

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><p>After the door slammed, and the whole base shook, Church scrambled up onto his feet and ran to the window. He saw the deputy shaking and furiously trying to control her muddled thoughts.<p>

Should he leave her alone?

Should he try to apologize and explain?

"You are going to go to Tex and fucking say sorry you fucking outrageous big headed tit!" she's screamed at him, remembering her eyes flashing. That was what she wanted him to do.

Maybe he should take her advice.

He glanced out the window, he could see her anymore.

He paused.

Why did he have a sinking feeling about her running off on her own, in an outpost she might not have full knowledge of?

Oh fuck it, he said to himself and wrenched the door open and followed the route he'd seen her disappear off towards.

â€|

Venice stormed across the windswept grass in the middle of Valhalla seething and glared furiously around her.

She only realised in time that she was hyperventilating and she'd gotten herself lost, with only walking from the base for a couple of minutes.

"Oh-Oh, crap" she gasped, putting her hand on her heart and trying to steady it.

She was so irritated, annoyed at herself for reacting so badly at the comments that people said without realising.

She let out another gasp and fell to the ground with a thump.

"Why do people always judge me once they see my face?" she groaned, rolling over in the dirty grass and punching the solid rocky ground. "Why are they all idiots?"

She lay there for a second and she sat up, brushing dome of the dirt from her chest.

She was crying.

_I hate her, she thought bitterly. _I hate that bloody woman for doing this for me! I thought I could handle all the peer-pressure and looks thrown my way but I can't stop being upset about it! "I hate her, I hate her, I bloody hate her!"__

She screamed the words and then charged towards a huge boulder resting innocently against the ground and punched it again and again and again.

Bloody hands greeted her but she didn't care. All she thought about was the evil smirk that woman had given her as she lay on the bloody red carpet, in a bath of her own blood and clutching her brutalised faceâ€|

Tears then raced down her cheeks and she continued to attack, kick, aim and vent out all her anger on the gracefully patient rock.

But with each smack, each hit and each beating, her body slumped, her eyes closed, and her body went weak.

This time, she collapsed to the ground and she didn't get up again.

20. Chapter 20

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty<p>

* * *

><p>Church panted himself, nearly jogging to catch up with the striding deputy freelancer agent.<p>

"I need to quit smoking and start working out!" he huffed, coughing slightly and climbing up the cliff path where he'd seen her go. There were huge rocky boulders standing gracefully side by side here and they were all grey.

He turned a corner and there was another boulder.

But it was red; and dripping with now drying blood.

He gaged and cautiously stepped forwards.

"Oh. No." he muttered faintly.

Venice was on the ground, unconscious and her fists were bleeding and bruised badly.

Given the state of the rock and the dents in said rock, he could put two and two together.

His first panic was that she was dead. But once he took in the situation again, he wondered how you could die by punching the crap outta a rock.

"Man, I'm too old for this crap" he groaned as he bent down to inspect her hands. He carefully stretched one out and peered closer to look at them.

Bloody as they were, he came up with the solution that after a rinse, anticipative cream and a bandage, she'd be fine.

His thoughts muddled with his brain and reminded him that he was touching the soft and delicate hands which he'd felt through the armour when she'd shaken his hand when they'd met.

He looked down at her face nervously. Her eyes were closed and she looked quite peaceful.

"You're either dead, dying or sleeping" he muttered, bending even closer.

He could smell the scent of her skin, wafting off mainly from her exposed shoulders and neck. He only realised how attractive she actually was.

No wonder Wash is acting off, Church summarised and, without thinking, he brushed some strands of hair out of her face.

Her hair was a rich dark brown, almost like chocolate. It was wavy and just touched her shoulders and her side fringe, he remembered,

often got in her way when she had lent down and reading something, or cooking.

"What are you, in a soap opera?" he cursed at himself and tried to figure out what to do.

Well, you are gunna have to carry her, his logical side informed him.

"That ain't good, I'd don't think I can survive that bloody steep slope again! "

Well you're gunna have to fatboy.

"Who are you calling fatboy, we're the same person!"

No, I'm what make you a person you freakin douche, do you wanna go back to that capture unit again to learn that?

"Oh screw you Delta!" *

Sighing he got down on his knees and attempted to wake her up.

"_Err_, Venice? Are you with me?" he called to her nervously, but his voice didn't sound nervous to anybody.

Ditto.

He groaned.

Looking hopelessly at her again, he quickly put his arms underneath her and lifted her up, staggering slightly but not because of her weight. She was what she looked, slender and light.

"Maybe that'll come to my advantage" he said to himself as he glanced at the step sloping passage walk.

He looked at the silent person in his arm as if she could hear him. "You just _had_ to run _up here_, didn't you?"

Rolling his eyes at his raging insanity, he secured his firm grip on her, so she didn't drop, and slowly descended towards the Blue base.

21. Chapter 21

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Twenty One<p>

* * *

><p>Church carefully walked through Venice's bedroom door at the base and gently put her down on her bed.<p>

Quickly, he went to the kitchen, grabbed the first aid box and a bowl of water. He went back to her room and sat down on the edge of the bed as he unwound her hands and slowly but gently cleaned her hands and then bandaged them up afterwards.

He sighed as he put down her second hand and looked at her face with a soft expression.

Why am I getting feelings that she's a beautiful woman, he asked himself. _I didn't even think Tex was beautifulâ€¦in this way. I fancied her and thought she was fit, not beautiful and pretty.

—

Sighing, he shook the thoughts away and decided to lock them away. Why bother causing drama? Washington probably still had strong feelings for her? _Why get in his way?_

A part of him felt angry at the thought of Venice and Wash together.

I'm fucking losing it, he thought.

He looked at her again sadly, wary if she woke up while he was hovering over her. She didn't wake so he then crept silently out of the bedroom door with a somewhat heavy heart.

â€¦

For the next few days, Church felt himself avoiding the deputy agent and when he did see her, it was when either Tex interrupted him and wanted to speak to him, or because he'd seen her with Wash.

The looks Wash kept giving Venice, which he assumed Venice didn't catch, irritated Church.

But one day she approached him, her hair still wet from her shower and she was dressed in a simple white dress, which only showed a hint of her cleavage. He didn't feel inclined to peak as he felt himself grow with disgust at himself. It only reminded him of the comments he'd spouted the other day.

Venice had only asked once, after he'd bandaged her hands, which had helped her. When Church had shyly told her it was him, she'd gone pink and hugged him for thanks.

"Heya Church" Venice said, smiling at him.

He was sitting across the sofa and had his feet propped up on the armrest. He was also reading the paper, a personal habit he'd had since he'd learned how to do crosswords.

"Have you heard about that Halloween party Tucker wanted to throw for us? Well, err he's forcing us to dress up for it, it's next week." She told him. He shrugged.

"What are today's words?" she asked causally, pushing his feet off the second seat of the sofa, and successfully making him slid gracefully off the sofa completely. Tucker, who'd just walked out of the bathroom burst into laughter once he saw Church on the ground. Venice blushed.

"Sorry Church!" she said, trying to mask her own giggles.

Church rolled his eyes but she saw amusement in them. She offered her hand and he took it as she hoisted him back onto the sofa. She sat down next to him and reached for the paper and pen.

"Name a domesticated lion, three letters" she read aloud. She wrote down the word CAT.

"I got stuck on that one" Church added, pointing to one word.

"Are you serious?" she asked, looking at him, disbelief in her tone. "What is a desert animal?"

"That's why I'm asking you! All I see in deserts are tumbleweed!" He said indignantly.

"Errr, how about a camel?" she offered.

He shrugged.

She groaned as she hastily wrote it down. "You remember one of the few days I was here?" she said to him. He nodded. "_Yeah_"

"Well I promised to help you aim with the sniper rifle, how about I teach you today?"

"Sounds like a date" Church said, smirking. She just rolled her eyes in return.

â€|

"Right show me how you hold the sniper if you're going to aim" Venice asked him. He did so. For assistance, they weren't wearing their armour as Venice thought he'd better be pre-pared when he wasn't dressed for war.

He raised the rifle to his eyes and fiddled with the sights on the rifle.

"Why are you playing with the sights?" she asked, crossing her arms across her chest.

"Somebody's fucked them up!" he said in irritation.

She walked towards him, took the rifle and in less than two seconds, she span round and shot a round towards the designated target, hitting the bull eyes she'd drawn on the cliff beside the waterfall. She then swirled back round to face him, gracefully twirling the rifle in her grip.

He glared softly at her. She shook her head. "Come here, and shoot the target that I just did, and this time, stop fingering the sights!"

"BOW CHICKA BOW WOW!"

"Piss off Tucker!" Venice roared at the stairs where Tucker was standing. He flicned and hurried out of sight. Venice silently handed

over to Church who was looking at her in slight awe.

"What?" she snapped at him as she caught him gazing at her.

"What was that-?" he pointed to where Tucker had been standing.

"I know how to deal with dick-heads like him" she explained in a bored voice.

He nodded and then quickly lined up his target.

Pulling the trigger, the sound echoed round the valley.

He'd missed.

He tried again, fumbling with himself as he loaded another round in.

He still didn't even come close to the target.

Again: yet now he was trembling with his rage at himself. Bang, bang, bang!

"Churchâ€|" he vaguely heard Venice say.

"Church look at meâ€|"

He glared at the target as if he were burning it and shot another dozen rounds.

"LEONARD LEWIS CHURCH! LOOK AT ME!"

He jumped out of his senses at the sound of his name.

Turning he saw Venice with an annoyed look on her face.

"Just because you miss, doesn't mean you have to get pissed at the target. Take it slow, breath in, then breath out, and then after you've made sure you're steady, shoot."

Her words were calm and firm yet somehow didn't work that well with him. He aimed again, closed his eyes, opened them again and then shot. He was a foot away from the target, the closest he'd been.

Venice crept up behind him and folded herself into his grip on the rifle, making him flush and jump as she invaded his personal space.

"Aim it so it's slightly higher than the target" she lifted the rifle took his hand which was the barrel of the rifle and moved it towards the target. She then went behind him and leaned forward so she was lifting his trigger arm by the upper arm and raised it. "Rise this arm."

Her closeness wasn't helping his senses. Now he was sure he wouldn't get the target as she was so close to him and that she rested her head next to his shoulder, so he felt her breath on his neck.

"Fire" she whispered against his ear. He pulled the trigger,

suppressing the shudder than wanted to run through his body

and hit on the target, right in the centre.

He gasped and looked sideways at his coach.

She was smiling smugly. "The more you practise like that, then the more you'll remember. I think I'd better set you a party to celebrate your first successful aim!"

He grinned and leaned towards her, as their heads were still close to each other. He heard her hold her breath as he kissed her cheek so delicately, as if he was afraid she'd break.

Blinking in surprise she blushed as she patted his shoulder.

"Well done Leonard" she said serenely and slipped off and down the stairs.

He blinked. _What did he just do?_

22. Chapter 22

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Twenty Two<p>

* * *

><p>Venice walked back downstairs into the base, still slightly swayed by Church's sudden kind gesture. She instantly lifted her hand to the cheek he'd kissed and felt herself still red. Smiling happily, she half-ran into Wash.<p>

"Oh Sorry Dav-" she started but then looked at him and gaped.

He looked _awful_. There were dark rims under his eyes and his skin was tight and paler than usual.

"David, are you ok?" she asked in a worried voice. He looked at her un-steadily and nodded, looking as if he was going to puke.

She grabbed his hand, tugged him towards the bathroom and got him there just in time. He heaved unpleasantly into the toilet and she grabbed his reading glasses before they fell from his breast pocket and patted his hair comfortingly.

She felt his forehead go sweaty and his body start to tremble. She walked over to the bath and started turning on the taps. She grabbed the bottle of bubble-bath and poured a quarter of the contents in the tub. She made sure there was enough cold and hot water before turning back to Wash.

He was kneeling uselessly in front of the toilet and was looking at her through teared up eyes. She knelt down in front of him and took his face in her hands. "What's the matter?"

He sagged. It was only then that she noticed what his breath smelled of.

He _reeked_ of alcohol.

She narrowed her eyes at him. "What the hell has got you in the state where you are drowning yourself in _booze_?" she asked in disbelief.

He groaned and nodded towards her. She was confused. How would she affect him this badly?

"David, you're going to have a bath-" Talking of bath, she checked it, jumped up and switched the taps off before returning to kneeling in front of the former freelancer. "-and if you _dare_ to drown yourself in that, I will revive you and kill you myself, that clear?"

He nodded gloomily.

She patted his head with a sad smile on her face. "Seriously David, you're not normally like this. I'll go grab you some recovery pills so don't get changed till I come back, ok?"

He nodded again. She got up swiftly and breezed out of the room.

He moaned, put his head in his hands and felt like sobbing.

How the hell was he going to tell her that he wanted her back in his arms?

â€|

Venice sighed as she closed the bathroom door behind her. She'd given the pills to Wash and he'd then closed the door to her to have his bath. She twiddled with her fingers as she normally did when she was nervous.

Tucker then slowly approached her then, in his usual swagger.

"Hey Venice!" he said cheerfully.

She eyed him, glaring.

He halted and seemed to remember himself.

"_Errr_, Can I talk with you privately?"

She raised her eyebrows and nodded. "Ok."

â€|

"I'mâ€|_err_ sorry about what I said about your scar Venice" he muttered, head down. "It was just a shock and I'm never good when it comes to surprises. I know I looked like a bit of a jackass, but wellâ€|that's what you think I am soâ€|" he sighed heavily then looked back at her. "I'm sorry."

She tilted her head to the side and looked as if she was making a

hard decision. "Hmmm wellâ€¦"

"_Please_ Venice!" he pleaded, collapsing down on his knees in front of her, making her jump.

"What the heck are you pulling Tucker?" came Church's voice as he walked out the base, in his armour but his helmet.

Tucker ignored him, focussing on Venice.

"I have a man begging for me on his knees" she told Church. "I have so fucking charm, don't I?" she was only teasing but Tucker looked like he really wanted to say his catchphrase.

Yes you do, Church thought inside his head and seemed to flush as he did. He quickly grabbed on his helmet to hide the flush creeping up his neck.

There was a longer pause this time.

Then Venice looked at Tucker and smirked. "You look like a right Wally you know that. Get up here and give me a hug!"

He smiled hesitantly back and timidly hugged the deputy agent carefully.

Church felt an odd feeling creep into his stomach at what he saw. But he noticed (or maybe it was his paranoia) that she held onto Tucker's hug, in less time than the hugs she gave him. He shook his head.

"Rightio, you said sorry, you could have said it sooner you douche!" Venice clipped Tucker's head playfully. "But seeing as you've finally apologized, you can now repay me."

"What?" Tucker exclaimed.

"Geez, calm down" Venice replied. "You have arranged a 'Halloween' party for next week have you?"

Tucker nodded slowly.

"Well, I have a dare for you, but you cannot tell nobody till I say what it is."

Tucker nodded as Venice leaned in and whispered something in his ear. Tucker gasped. "What the heck?"

"I'm inviting an old friend to 'party' with us on that day. She's met you before and she's excited to see you. She confessed to me that she's always wanted to see you in that out-"

"_Shhhh_!" Tucker hissed, motioning to Church and flapping his hands.

Venice laughed.

"What is it?" Church asked curiously. But Tucker turned away and Venice just continued laughing pleasantly.

23. Chapter 23

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty Three<p>

* * *

><p>Agent Venice 26 was standing on top of the Blue base, admiring the view of the valley outpost andâ€|well just standing there.<p>

"Hey there Venice" called Church from behind her. She nodded her head in greeting without turning around.

"What have I told you about standing out here without your armour on?" he said indignantly as he looked her up and down, only then noticing what she was wearing. She was wearing a simple dark teal tank top which was long and covered the outline of her belt holding her light blue jeans up. She was then wearing white pumps on her feet and her hair was free and slightly messed up. "I thought I warned you about that."

She shrugged in answer to him.

"Seriously, the other reds (apart from your uncle) might come over here and kidnap you. As the Captain of this team I have to be making sure that this team remains a unit and don't ever get separated." He scolded her.

"Yeah I'm hearing what you're saying Church, just chillax a bit, as I know you're protective of us all." She chuckled. "Just remember that you're talking to the girl who taught you how to correctly shoot at a target!"

"Oh, ok, very funny Venice. By the way, Wash has been looking for you, seems like he wants a chat with you or something, hell I don't know, don't really care either" he answered shortly. "Man, he's been looking ill the past few weeks, can you see what the matter with him is?"

"Don't sweat, I'll sort it out" she assured him, patting him on the shoulder. "Talking of which, I'm hungry. I'm off to get me a coffee, see ya later."

She hugged him, and then departed off downstairs. He sighed, watching her go.

What the hell is wrong with me?

â€|

Venice strolled into the main lounge area casually and spotted Tex, Tucker and Washington there. Wash was reading a book on the sofa, wearing his odd little reading glasses. It was odd how much he looked like Doc when he wore them. His hair had been cut and hung loosely

around his ears and it had traces of lighter brown in it.

Tex was sitting at the computer in the corner, tapping away madly at what looked like to be some sort of blog. Her hair was its usual orangey red and was all scrapped back into a messy hair tie. Tucker was sat on the opposite sofa to Wash and he was flicking through the TV channels lazily.

"Yo" she said, as she made them aware she was there. Wash snapped his eyes up and met hers intensely, and seemed to communicate with his eyes that he wanted her to sit down next to him. She sighed mentally and wandered over.

His appearance had improved greatly since his run-in with the alcohol. Venice had stripped his room of all of it and then banned him from consuming any until the Halloween party that was tomorrow. They were going to be dressed in fancy-dress and she was informed that the Reds had been invited as well.

Snatching the remote control from the idle Tucker on her way across the room, she flopped down next to him and browsed through the channels. There wasn't anything on, but she had to remind herself that they were on a foreign planet.

"How are you _bumblebee_?"

She almost jumped out of her skin as Washington spoke to her, quietly and husky, as he'd leaned into her ear to talk. But the thing that had completely caught her off guard was that he'd called her by his old pet name for her. She looked at him carefully and nodded. He removed his glasses, set aside his book and turned in the seat to face her. He didn't seem to have realised his slip of the tongue.

Tex looked in another world with the computer and Tucker looked like he'd fallen asleep. In the moment's pause while Wash gathered his thoughts, she heard Tucker snore lightly. She rolled her eyes and turned back to Wash.

"What's up?" she asked.

He looked normal.

"Do you remember what it used to be like before all this crap happened?" he asked her, leaning back causally, slinging an arm over the back of the sofa.

She nodded slowly. "Yes, why would I want to?"

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"Not with all the business with _you_" she assured him and he calmed down. "I mean, what's happened in the past is past. Something s never happen twice and I'm glad of that with some thingsâ€|" she tapped her cheek to indicate what she meant.

"When I was in the Freelancer program, everything had to be like this, and like that and I had no control over what I wanted to do. I've been looking over how everything has gone in my lifeâ€|and I was reviewing most of my memories the other day, wondering if I'd done

things the right way and if I should do old things or new things."

Venice had a funny feeling she knew where he was going with this. The unease filled her stomach before she could stop it.

"I know that" he was trying to bring his more confident work voice to her, one he did when he was forcing himself to do something. "You obviously might not feel thatâ€|wellâ€|"

Venice quickly ran all other the things she could say to him right now.

Was he asking for her back?

Would it be a good plan to return to 'date' David again?

It had been years since she'd last had a proper relationship like theirs and even longer since she'd had something psychical. That was one thing she knew David wouldn't pressure her into, the fact that he was always caring and compassionate about her.

She met his eyes and resisted from sighing.

"What is it David? You can tell me" she joked. He seemed to falter and thenâ€|sighed himself.

"I _can't_â€|Forget I said anything" he muttered and went to get up. She tugged him back down and kneeled up so her head was on his level. Their faces were a little too close, but Wash wasn't going to complain. He could smell her perfume, the one she'd always worn and the shampoo smell in her hairâ€|The memories washed over him in a happy daze.

"Tell me what?" she said simply.

David sighed and then his gaze became softer as he looked into her eyes, her _lovely_ chocolate eyes. He didn't realise that he was leaning closer, wanting to taste the flavour of her lips after so many years apartâ€|

"_We have a GUEST for tomorrow!_" came Caboose's yell as he ran out of his room towards the door outside, cutting thoroughly through the thick tension and silence of the calm room. This caused several things to happen at once.

Tex jumped literally off her chair at the computer and fell off it backwards.

Tucker lurched up and his mouth popped open as he saw
â€|

â€|Washington leaned towards Venice and kissed her briefly on the lips for less than a second before they both clumsily fell off the sofa in surprise.

Silence.

â€|

Church was coming into the base when he heard Caboose's yell. He skilfully avoided Caboose running past him and waltzed into the base.

"What the fuck just happened? Tex, are you alright?" he asked afterwards, after seeing his girlfriend on the floor by the computer. As he helped her up, he saw Wash look at Venice with longing in his eyes and Venice touch her lips in surprise softly as she wandered away.

"Seriously guys?" he yelled. No reply.

24. Chapter 24

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty Four<p>

* * *

><p>Venice was pacing, pacing around her room like a caged lion and she was furious with herself. Her mind kept reminding her of David's brief yet chaste kiss earlier and the fireworks that had exploded in her stomach as her disappointment settled in as she found herself on the floor.<p>

She finally sank onto her bed and clasped her head in her hands.

Why did he have this effect on her? Why did he make her feel like she was one of the most wonderful women on the planet?

_She freakin wasn't! _

She was scared, scared for a thing that forever haunted her.

This is why I don't do relationships anymore, she thought angrily. _This is why I had to split with him in the first place. The fact that his freelancer training came into play was the perfect excuse. How was or am I ever going to be able to fully explain how complicated I felt then? The raw lustrous feelings I felt towards him that I instead waited until Trevor came along! Then I got punished for said feelings!_

She groaned and punched her pillow in anger. _Stupid feelings! They get in the way!_

****_Of what?_**** Her conscience yelled at her_. ****It's been freakin weeks since you did your last mental note! You are getting attached to this place! And personally, I do not think its David who you should have feelings for!**_**

Ok, she thought back, yelling in her head and continuing her pacing. _1) I do not have feelings like that for David! He's a loyal friend who I'm probably now hurting and I'm freaking out as I cannot explain this all to him! 2) Who else am I supposed to crush on?_

A knock on her door interrupted her personal rant. She froze.

"_Venice, it's me. Are you ok?"_ It was Church.

This is your chance! Her conscience yelled.

_What the heck? _

"Err you can come in!" she called to him.

The door opened and he walked in. She blushed red as soon as she spotted the half-naked Church in the doorway.

He was only clad in a pair of black jogging bottoms. He looked through the gloom of her room, her light was out and she was pacing around in the dark, wearing her short blue pyjama shorts and a short dressing gown. He himself looked like he'd just been tossing and turning around in his bed.

"It's 2 O'clock in the morning and I heard you pacing. You alright?" he asked hoarsely.

She felt her knees tremble and her emotions overtook her as his kind words washed over her. She moaned once before she walked towards the door and flicked on the light switch.

Light flooded the room and they both blinked at each other, getting used to it.

Church spotted the tears running down her face and walked in, closed the door before enveloping her in a comforting hug. She sniffed quietly, touching his firm slightly tanned shoulders hesitantly before resting her head on his bare shoulder. She could feel his firm muscles and what looked like to be a developing six-pack.

Church felt her cold face touch his shoulder and shuddered slightly and then felt her wet tears drop down his shoulder, deciding to run down his bare back. He let her cling to him and he hoisted her up and carried her over to her bed. He sat her down first and then sat next to her, rubbing her hands together and squeezing her tightly.

They sat there like that for almost twenty minutes before Church wiped her last tears away with his thumbs. He looked at her likeâ€¦like she was his sister or something. Or was it just his protectiveness? Or something else completely?

"Are you feeling better?" he asked her softly. She nodded slowly and her head silently drooped onto his shoulder, fast asleep. He sat motionless for a few seconds, enjoying her warm breath blow over his skin and her skin against his.

He looked down at Venice. She looked so powerless without armour, without her eyes wide awake. She looked peaceful and the scars in her face didn't look as strong as they normally were.

He looked down at her, feeling himself want to stay with her. But what if she woke up and expected him to be here and then not speak to him for the rest of her time here? He couldn't bear that.

He felt like he had a connection to her as he thought over all the things he knew about her since they met. They had several interests in common and they got along very well. Venice was oblivious of the looks Wash seemed to be giving her. Was it his imagination, or was she just looking at him instead?

_I don't care; Wash isn't here now is he? _He thought smugly.

He sat up slightly, _he was meant to be dating Tex for Christ's sake! _He barely knew Venice after all. Wash knew her better, yet not the 'updated version' of her as she looked like she'd changed a lot over the past few years. He shrugged.

So he settled down next to her, slipped both of them under the bed sheets. He found a light switch next to her bed, turned the lights out and wrapped one arm round her before closing his eyes and falling asleep as well, breathing in her honey scent.

His subconscious took over as Venice shifted in her sleep, snuggling deeper into his embrace and he happily accepted her as they slept onwards.

25. Chapter 25

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty Five<p>

* * *

><p>"Good Morning" a warm breath whispered in her ear, his voice hoarse with sleep. Her eyes snapped open and her gaze focussed on the man who was still lying in her bed with her. Her eyes quickly scanned the facts; they had clothes on, and they were snuggled up together.

Hmmâ€|

"Well this is awkward" she muttered, her morning voice noted.

Church snorted; slowly and hesitantly un-wrapping his arms from around the female agent.

Venice instinctively wanted to keep the security of his warm embrace but shrugged it off quickly. Yet they hadn't shifted at all from their positions.

Church was lying on the left hand side of her reasonable-sized single bed and had his arm lying on her pillow, behind her head. His other arm was at the moment, on his bare chest that was exposed from the bedcovers. Venice was lying within his personal space and her back was arched to curve into his chest.

"Halloween party tonight" he said, attempting to make small talk. His face was smoothed out, his frown lines not as prominent as they would do maybe in an hour when he'd start shouting at Caboose for doing

something silly.

"Yeah" she said, moving away from him slightly as she stretched her arms and again, her bones clicked. Church winched at the sound.

"I take it you don't like that noise" she said softly, smirking as she turned to face him, placing her hands gently on his chest. Her fingernails traced his bare skin momentarily.

He seemed to be suppressing a smirk himself. "Let's just say that I have snapped bones a lot more than you might want to knowâ€|by _accident_ of course."

She rolled her eyes.

"What are you dressing up as?" she asked, both of them not bothered by the lack of personal space they were giving each other. It hadn't dawned on them yet.

He winked, and tapped his nose mysteriously. "That's my secret."

"I won't tell you what I'm dressing up as then" she retorted, grinning.

"You're dressing up?" he sounded surprised. "I wouldn't guess you were a dressing-up type."

She looked at him curiously. "What type _am I_ then?"

He flushed and seemed to think he was in trouble. "Uh-Uh, n-nothing!" he stuttered.

She smiled teasingly at him. "I was joking Leonard, no need to panic. My self-esteem isn't _that_ low."

Her mention of his first name made it hard for his face to remain focused as he replayed what she'd just said. The smile fighting to burst his expression failed.

"But only when people mention your scars?" he asked, his face serious. "How many reactions like Tucker's have you had in your life?"

She sighed, looking up at the ceiling. "_Loads_. It's amazing how much we humans judge people by appearances, even before we open our mouths." She sighed again.

Church felt like his insides were bubbling with irritation and almost-hatred. "What have they said?" he said, angrily_. How dare people judge her? They don't know how kind she actually is!_

She felt touched by his protectiveness of her. She patted his bare shoulder fondly kissed his cheek. "Thank you for the concern Church. I've had far few people like you actually caring rather than judging. But it's something I need to get used to."

His smile won this time, making his whole face light up at her tender peck.

"What time is it?" she asked, rolling over to grab her helmet which

was lying on her bedside table. She lifted it up to her face so she could see under the time under her visor. "Half past eight in the morning!" she exclaimed in surprise.

Church breathed out happily and before he could stop himself he wound his hands round her waist, making her drop the helmet as she jumped, and pulled her towards him. She was confused by the conflict of feelings that ran around her head, pumped through her blood and danced in her stomach. She, let him settle his head on top of hers as a lover would and they both closed their eyes.

"What was that?" she murmured.

"I just wanted a cuddle for once. Tex never gives me hugs like this." He blurted out, un-thinkingly.

Unfortunately, it woke up Venice's common sense.

She gently tugged herself free and turned towards him.

"What the heck would somebody think if they walked in here now? You're hugging me (not that I object) in the way you should be holding your girlfriend who isn't me, Leonard." She scolded him.

He didn't seem to be surprised at her comment and nodded his head. "Sorry."

"I don't want to get you in the shit again" Venice told him. "Have you apologised to Tex yet? Because that might be why she isn't responding to you that much lately. You're telling her (through actions) that you don't give a crap about her anymore. So you're both distancing yourselves from each other!"

He seemed taken aback by this information.

"Why don't women tell men these things?" he asked, voicing his disbelief.

"Because most men's _egos_ cannot handle itâ€¦and it came to me that you may be the right person to fit that stereotype Church."

Church sighed, slumping. "How do you know these things?"

He looked up, met her eyes and muttered. "And call me Leonard, not Church."

She was prepared for the question. "A, I am a woman, and B, I did an A level in Psychology. Might have been a while ago since I did it, but with other things, you mix it with _common sense_, Church, then BINGO, you got it." She replied easily. She pretended she didn't hear his request.

He shrugged and this frustrated her. She was going to retort when there was a knock on her door. She looked to Church and motioned for him to hide. He dived under the bed as she straightened out her bed sheets, got up, stumbled to her door and quickly fastened her dressing gown on, opening the door to see Caboose there.

"Morning Caboose, what's the matter?" she asked kindly.

He didn't look like his normal happy self. "Did I wake you up?" he asked sadly.

"I was awake already, no you didn't."

"Can I speak to youâ€¦about my mom, I- I r-really miss her." He said honestly.

Venice's heart softened as the young rookie looked so defeated. She nodded.

"Let me get dressed, and then we can talk."

He smiled timidly. She stepped forward and hugged him, squeezing his shoulders and rubbing his back. She felt him gulp sadly. She pulled back and whipped the tear that had escaped his eyelid, off his cheek. "I'll be out in a minute." He smiled, more genuinely now and she closed the door.

Church crawled out from under the bed. She looked at him and laughed gently. "You loom really funny down there."

He scowled.

"How long does Tex sleep in the mornings?"

"Like a log" he answered.

"Then I suggest that you sneak back in there and act like you were never in here" she advised. He nodded and got to his feet and walked over to her.

"Thank you for cheering me up last night" Venice said serenely. "I was kindaâ€¦|_errrr_â€¦|._conflicted_, you could say."

He raised an eyebrow "About Wash?"

She bit back her gasp of surprise. "Sort of."

He rolled his eyes. "No problem, I look after my team, remember. I think Caboose-" he said, nodding his head to the closed door she was leaning against. "-sees you as a motherly figure as he's afraid of Tex."

Her expression and heart warmed again. "That'sâ€¦|_sweet_ of him." She said emotionally, having not thought of this already.

Chuckling, he pecked her forehead and slowly crept out of her room, trying not be caught out by someone outside. She closed the door with a snap and turned to her dresser, looking at her blissfully pleased and happy face in the mirror.

What the hell is wrong with me?

_Ha ha!_her heart and subconscious laughed together in harmony at her.

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty Six<p>

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><p>Venice dressed breezily and in a rush, not really realising what was making her feel so happy, and the fact that she couldn't wipe her massive smile off her face.<p>

She dressed today, in a pair of dark blue denim short shorts, brown sandals with a steady flat heel, a white top with some coloured dots on and a pale creamy-yellow cardigan. She curled her hair slightly so it fell in waves curling down her face.

Walking out of her door, she headed towards the kitchen and went straight to the fridge and scanned the contents. Deciding to go healthy, she grabbed a lemon-yoghurt and jumped up onto the counter, put one leg on the other and swung her lower leg in time to the music that was playing on the small radio. She turned it up to see that it was_ Cascada's Ready Or Not_.

"#Baby, what ya do, whatcha do, whatcha do to me? Makes me wanna be someboda I'm not!#" she sang loudly and perfectly.

She jumped off the counter, placed her yoghurt down and walked over to the long stretch of clear floor. She raised her arms above her head and readied herself. As she did this, the rest of the team came in through the front door to the base. As soon as Wash saw her, he smirked.

She grinned in return and started to fall sideways. She fell gracefully and then lifted her legs so she did a perfect cartwheel across the floor, going 360 degrees twice. She turned round and laughed at the team's reactions.

"Sorry, I really wanted to do that" she answered, pushed past them and grabbed her yoghurt, leaping onto the counter again to finish it.

"When was the last time you cartwheeled?" Wash asked, leaning on the island counter in front of her. She had to ponder that for a second. She tilted her head and furrowed her brow. "Must have beenâ€|_years_ago." She mock-gasped then laughed cheerfully.

"Are you high or something this morning?" Tex asked gently.

Venice confirmed this by bursting into laughter for no apparent reason. She had to put her empty carton down, clutching her sides. "I d-don't even k-know why th-that's's funny!" she gasped out.

"Where is Ca-caboose?" she stammered out, calming herself down.

"In his room" Wash told her. She nodded and threw her rubbish towards the bin. It soared through the air and landed promptly in the bin. "Whoop score for the 26!" Venice chuckled as she skipped out of the kitchen area.

The rest of the team exchanged looks, except Church. He was smiling himself under his helmet. He had a feeling he was the reason Venice was so happy this morning.

â€

"So what's the matter Caboose?" Venice said softly, having calmed down as soon as she entered Caboose's bedroom.

His room was messier than she would have guessed. There were messed up clothes, blankets, teddy bears and several parts of metal scattering the floor. He had a single bed, a dresser and a desk and chair.

Caboose sighed and the tears raced down his pale skinned cheeks. She instantly sat beside him on the bed, wrapping an arm round his shoulders.

"I dunno wh-why I k-k-keep thinking o-of her!" he bawled. "Y-you, s-s-say n-ni-nice th-things te-the me and it reminds m-me of m-my m-mom!"

Venice felt her heart crack. "I'm sorry about that Caboose. How long have you been away from your mother?"

"Too longs!" he cried.

He spent a few minutes crying and Venice clutched tighter at his shoulder, rubbing his back and putting her head on top of his and offering him tissues she had in her pocket.

"I don't mean to make you sad" he muttered to her. "You really sound and almost look like my mommy. She used to do all these nice things and when I joined the army, I didn't remember all the good times. But you act like her so I then not forget those times."

She felt touched; she felt that Caboose was a son to her. She may not look it, but she guessed that she was a lot older than the rookie and closer to Wash's age.

There was a pause, in which Venice got an idea.

"Hey Caboose, why don't we play a game of tag? I'll get you some orange juice and some cookies if you want."

He beamed at her and burrowed his head into her chest, just like a son clutching onto his own mother. "Thank you Vinnie" he said, quietly.

She bent down and kissed his blonde-hair covered head. "You welcome Caboose."

"C-can I call you Mom?"

She hesitated. "Yes, but only if you recognize that I'm not your mom."

He nodded eagerly "Yes, mommy. I promise."

Awww, her insides cooed.

â€|

"Come on Donut! Why not?" Venice yelled at the pink-private.

"Stop pointing that gun at me Missi!" he said, wagging his finger. Venice (who was now clad in her armour and helmet, shook her head. "I'm using it to see you! You're halfway across the freakin valley!"

"Then come here then! You're not on either side here!" he protested.

The Blues, who were all gathered on top of their base, looked at Venice, who was holding Church's sniper-rifle.

She lowered it angrily "Stupid fucking red trooper" she snapped.

She handed the rifle back to its owner without a glance and somersaulted off the top of the base, running as if she were in a sprint towards the private who hadn't got a weapon.

As she ran she did three cartwheels without pausing and bellowed "Tex, wanna help me kill them?"

Tex smirked behind her visor and jumped off the base as well, pelting towards Donut as well.

The plan was, to pretend to invade the Reds, tie them up and wrestle them over to the base as Sarge refused to play unless they did a military movement.

"I'm sorry but that chick is _hot_ when she jumps off shit" Tucker said. Church resisted the urge to hit himâ€|but he agreed with Tucker.

In the middle of the valley, Venice reached Donut first and karate chopped him in the belly. Donut smirked to himself as Venice tried to push against him as he held his ground.

â€|

This gave the Reds time to see Donut in trouble.

"Sarge! Donut in trouble! Pronto!" Halle bellowed to the sergeant.

Sarge spotted the Blues 'attacking' Donut and sighed.

"What the ruddy hell is my niece doing? It's time for some discipline!" He cocked his shotgun.

Simmons and Halle secretly smirked evilly. They hated hearing about his bloody niece. They were glad they'd gotten rid of her when they did.

â€|

Donut was now on the ground, clutching his sides. He moaned as Venice

hoisted him upwards.

"I actually thought you were alright!" he gasped.

Venice winched. "It's a game, Donut. I didn't mean to kick the crap out of you."

"No, Tex did!" he groaned.

Tex walked back over to Venice and seemed proud of herself.

"They're coming."

Venice turned towards the Red base and sure enough, spotted the Warthog with the team racing towards them.

"Go get Annemarie" Venice said quietly.

Tex chuckled darkly as she ran over towards the stationary tank. It awoke and she seemed excited to be in action.

Reaching over her shoulder (as if in slow-motion), she took down her two SMGs and aimed them at the oncoming Warthog.

27. Chapter 27

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

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><p>Chapter Twenty Seven<p>

* * *

><p>The SMGs now pointing at the oncoming Warthog, Venice shot a dozen rounds into the front tyres just as Tex turned on her armour cloaking and Venice turned on her special enhancement. The Warthog came to an abrupt stop with a mini explosion. Venice charged her armour and then dashed furiously towards them.<p>

She ran at Grif, pummelled him in the stomach and then cast him aside easily. The adrenaline coursing through her blood stream was amazing.

"_Venice_! What in san's hell are you doing? You broke my radio!" roared her uncle.

She rolled her eyes inside her helmet as she managed to distract him long enough for Tex to tackle him to the ground.

She felt a few shots graze her helmet and zapped round to see Simmons, holding his battle-rifle aloft and his finger was latched onto the trigger. Leaping like a cat super-fast at him, she easily disarmed him and wrapped his arms round his neck. She then kicked the rifle away towards Tex.

Now, one thing that Church and Tucker had told her was that Simmons got very flattered around woman and nervous. She now had the

temptation to use that to her advantage for a bit of fun. She hadn't turned on her voice masker so as she felt Simmons struggle within her grip, she chuckled into his ear.

"_Lemeee_ go!" he said childishly.

"Seriously?" she snorted. "You think I'm gunna let you go just because you demand it? No dice, _hunnit_."

He stopped and tried turning round "Who are you?"

"I'm Agent Venice, you _silly-willy_. Don't tell me you forgot that I was a woman already?" she said this in all a sickly sweet honeyed voice that she knew would have an effect on him, physical or emotionally.

Simmons growled under his breath "Shut up you _bitch_!"

"Hmmm" she held one arm round his neck to hold him there as her other hand roamed across his chest armour. Tex was looking at her and she looked like she was laughing. Sarge, Grif and Halle were all tied up at Tex's feet and looking in disgust at the deputy agent.

"Have you ever experienced a woman's touch before Richard?" she cooed in his ear.

Halle was sitting at Tex's feet, looking at V26 in utter-disgust. She looked up at her auntie figure. "Text! Why the fuck are you helping her?"

Tex looked down at her and shrugged "There's a war going on round here if you didn't notice Sophia, so shut up before I have to gag you dear!" she snapped harshly.

Halle scowled until she noticed the Simmons rifle right in front of her, which Tex hadn't picked up yet. She looked round, only to see Venice walking around Simmons and run an armoured finger down his helmet.

She quickly snatched the rifle, gave a tug on the weak rope binding her, knocked her auntie's feet from under her and hurled herself at the agent. She kicked Simmons away and punched Venice's helmet. It had little effect on the freelancer.

"Come on then Halle, if you think you're hard enough!" Venice taunted.

The other Reds scrambled out of the trap of the rope and advanced on the freelancer. Venice almost twirled around Halle and disarmed her and chucked away the rifle. As she blocked each of Halle's moves, she had to admit that she was impressed with the moves she was giving.

Sarge then wrestled his niece off Halle and turned her around, surprising her.

Halle wanted another go but with the furious glare on Sarge's face, she backed off towards where Grif was still trapped in the rope. Simmons was still on the ground, looking at the two.

Sarge ripped the helmet off her face (She ignored the gasps from the Reds) and glared right at her eyes. "You stupid little girl! Why were you attacking us?"

Ah shit.

One thing that Venice had forgotten was that her uncle got very mad very quickly and she was no exception.

"It's a game" she huffed, her heart still pumping fast.

Her uncle lost it, and hit her straight across the face and she fell, too shocked to respond, to the ground in a crumpled heap. She froze, and then looked back up at her uncle, placing her trembling hand on her sore cheek, which was the one which had the most of the main scar on.

Sarge's eyes were menacing and alien to her.

"I cannot believe you did that Uncle Johnny" she whispered brokenly.

It seemed to snap Sarge out of his anger and his eyes widened in shock and regret.

The Reds were watching in utter astonishment as Venice shakily got to her feet and then gave her uncle an outrageous look. "Seems like I ****_deserved_**** ****_that_**** punishment, did I? That wasn't as bad as ****_this_****!" she screamed at her stunned uncle, clawing at her face.

Her anger flew out of control as she threw herself at him. He tried to defend himself but as he turned round, a shot rang out.

A sniper shot.

Silence.

They both stood absolutely still and turned towards the Blue base, in which Church was standing on top of, and holding his sniper rifle.

As if in slow motion, they both inspected each other for damage. Except that the scene wasn't in slow motionâ€|at least, for Venice.

"_SON OF A BITCH!_" she screamed, this time in pain as she clutched at her bleeding, stinging and (maybe) broken left hand.

From what looked from afar, Church had gone to aim for Sarge's shoulder blade, but as Venice had jumped at him, her left hand had been in the way as he pressed the trigger.

"Oh yes, what a shot!" he's yelled, until he heard Venice's scream.

"_LEONARD!_" Venice roared. "I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!" she bellowed as she picked up her gun, ignored the rest of the team and pelted back to the Blue base.

"Running time, Church?" Caboose suggested to Church calmly, but he had a massive smirk on his face.

So did Tucker.

"I'd hurry dude, she has super-speed so she'd be here pretty fucking-" Tucker added but was cut off.

"_Leonard_!" Venice yelled from the open stairs to the roof.

"-_quick_." Tucker finished.

28. Chapter 28

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Twenty Eight<p>

* * *

><p>Get back here NOW!" roared Venice as she attempted to run throughout the base, while trying to ignore the biting pain in her left hand. She's removed the armour and managed to actually see the damage. But she needed somebody to actually pull the bullet out.<p>

But right now, she was chasing the prick who'd shot her in the first place!

"Venice I'm sorry!" he cried out desperately.

She growled.

"You shouldn't have taught me to aim!" he yelled.

"Don't you d-dare a-accuse me of t-th-that!" she slowly stammered as she swayed.

Looked like she was losing more blood that she thought.

"Holy _shit_!"

"Ewww!"

"Venice, are you ok?"

"_Venice_!"

***THUMP**!*

"What the fuck was that for?" Church shrieked as he clutched his nose.

He opened his eyes to see her eyes slowly close and she fainted. He caught her just in time and gently laid her down on the cold

ground.

"Caboose! Tucker! Grab the first aid kit!"

"_Ok_! Come on; make way, Doctor coming throu-" Tucker said, wiggling his hips as he walked back from the kitchen.

But everyone got surprised when Caboose smacked his head, took the kit and shouted into his smirking face.

"TUCKER! SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Caboose yelled, tears pouring down his face! "Leave mommy alone!"

"_Mommy_?" Tucker asked.

But Caboose ignored him and chucked the kit to Church, before going to the sink and getting a cloth and a bowl of water.

"The bullet is still in there" Church said, flinching at the sight.

"You're gunna have to remove it, and hurry, she's loosing loads of blood!" caboose said, still in his strange sane mood.

Church gulped and looked down at the hand, which was now drowned in blood. He quickly wiped the bit where the bullet had gone in and closed his eyes and imagined that he wasn't tugging a bullet out of her hand. His stomach heaved painfully.

He took a deep breath and gave a sharp tug and the bullet came halfway out.

Washington hurried in.

"What the heck is all that yel-" he started to ask until he spotted the unconscious Venice on the groundâ€|in a pool of blood. He flew himself on the ground next to Church.

"The bullet won't come out!" Church hissed. Sweat came trickling down his forehead as he withdrew his hand from the bullet and washed it again.

Wash's stomach was settled however as he looked at the hand. "What type?"

"Sniper round."

"Shit, they detach slightly when they imbed in something. Wake her, this will be painful and we need to get her to infirmary. Not on the ground. How long has she been out?" wash recited, surprisingly calm for the situation.

Church, without hesitation, got up, picked Venice up and held her protectively as he strode towards the medical room of the base. He closed his eyes sadly as he felt himself regretting joining the army.

I can do blood, just not bullets in flesh, he recited inside his own head.

**Get a grip you idiot!**

You, can piss off, I don't need you in my head! Since when did Delta turn to Omega?

**Since I am Omega, you fool!**

Meh, go away.

Whatever imbecile.

He laid her down on the bed, and stroked her face absently.

"I'm sorry" he whispered sincerely.

â€|

David Washington hated being the man to have to get down and dirty with blood and being a medic. He wasn't a medic; he hated medics, just because of the typical-medic-bullshit they all spouted. Doc was proof enough of that.

But when he saw Venice, he didn't really care what he was or wasn't.

He'd walked into the medical room to see a nauseous Church, sweating furiously and simply injected Venice with a pain reliever, in case she woke, and delicately operated on her hand.

It had been long and tedious to get all the different parts of the round out of her hand. He also managed to save her hand, except that she wouldn't be able to operate a gun for the next few months.

After he'd extracted all the tiny pieces of metal, he rubbed some disinfectant on his needle and threaded her hand back up. It was an odd pattern to see on somebody's hand, but she'd survive. She had scars on her face that she was coping to get rid of all the looks.

After he'd finished, he motioned to Church.

"How the hell did-"

"Me" Church replied sadly. "I went and tried to shoot Sarge as he'd hit her and was tackling her. My instincts came in and I fired at his head. Only, Venice moved her hand just as the bullet got there."

Wash thought about going ape. But he could tell that Church was upset about this.

"Well, you got most of the bullet out earlier" he said, with a smile in his features. "Well done."

Church rolled his eyes and exited the room.

David smiled softly at Venice and resisted the urge to kiss her.

_The days were I had her all to myself are over, David. _

**I know, I just miss it.**

I know you do. She taught you to love. Why waste love over her if it isn't returned? Wait until the party to find out then make a move to start fresh.

He just sighed and left the room, but not before giving Venice some more sleeping meds and painkillers.

29. Chapter 29

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Twenty Nine<p>

* * *

><p>It was silent in the room and the only sound was the steady breathing that was providing Venice with the much needed oxygen to live. She stuttered in her breathing somewhat as her eyes fluttered and opened drily. She groaned in agony as she felt the heavy weight of what she recognized to be morphine trying to fix her deadly left hand. She tried to flex it but positively screamed in horrendous pain. Her eyes watered as she used her other hand to hold it up to her face and she inspected it.<p>

It had stitches in it, which looked clean and frankly quite disturbing.

She rolled her eyes, it's a bloody good thing she was right-handed.

The she sighed; it wasn't Church's fault, he'd only been trying to help. And it was her fault that he successfully hit a target, just that his target had been replaced with her hand before he could do anything to stop it.

It hadn't been bandaged yet and she nearly rolled her eyes when she saw the time. It was nearly half past four, and the 'party' started at seven.

Time to get dressed to party, she through dryly. She slowly eased herself off the bed and hobbled over to the door and wandered out the room. She walked, absently towards her room, her eyes blurring and her vision becoming shaky.

She felt something tap at her right arm from behind. She turned to see a blurry dark blue figure. "Heya Caboose."

"Are you ok, mommy?" he asked carefully. She smiled.

"Actually, can you get Wash for me? I don't think my blurry eyesight is a good sign."

He looked worried and gave her a quick hug. "Ok."

She slowly half-crawled into her bedroom and collapsed onto her bed cautiously.

Why is it so hard to believe how happy I was this morning?

She rolled over; her head planted in the pillows and took a long breath through the nose.

She froze; she could smell Church on her pillows.

That was why she'd slept so well, because for the first time in years, she'd slept with an arm round her shoulder.

Shaking her head in disbelief and removed most of her armour and dressed into her white cotton dressing gown.

Knock knock

"Come in David." She called to him.

He came in and looked at her carefully.

"You look weak" he said, sounding accusing.

"My eyesight is blurry, do me a favour and get rid of it." She said, impatiently.

He nodded and kneeled next to her on the bed. He quickly wound the white thick bandage over her hand, reminding her of the time when those hands used to caress her hair, her face, her lips.

I don't miss it, she mused. _Well, I miss the company, but I think me and Wash have had all the time we've had. Should I break this to him?_

"David? Do you still have feelings for me?" she asked bluntly. She'd blamed it on the morphine.

David paused in response to her clean question.

He slowly raised his head.

"I have spent all the time that I saw you again thinking that I did" he said, slowly, thinking over his words.

He looked up to meet a slightly stunned and worried look from Venice. "I used to think that I wanted you back and thatâ€|and that I'd go crazy if you didn't. But to be honest, the more and more I think about it, I think we're made to be friends, rather than boyfriend and girlfriend. But can you answer me one thing?"

She nodded.

"I've always speculated that there was another reason to why you split up with meâ€|and I was wondering if you could tell me, if there was one."

She groaned, and closed her eyes in frustration.

"Sorry" she heard him say quickly, and he finished wrapping up her hand. He then nodded towards the window. "Look away, I remember that you hate needles."

She smiled warmly and did what he said. She looked down at her newly bandaged hand as she thought over her answer and barely felt the prick of the needle as she was thinking so much.

"It was because I was young and because I was starting to" she paused and her face flushed in embarrassment.

"What is it?" he asked, looking concerned.

"Oh David, you were always the right guy, just not at the right time. The fact that you were ordered to go into that program without a partner did throw me off at first, and that made me explore how I used to feel about you. That was the time that I started to well you understand that I was a virgin when we were dating?"

He studied her, pink in his cheeks and motioned for her to continue.

"Well that was the time that I got confused on how I was feeling all the time. It feels so trivial and such the thing that a girl my age would think oh! I was getting sexual frustrations and there wasn't anybody around to explain! I couldn't exactly tell you, because I felt stupid!" she ranted.

Washington was blushing slightly as well and slightly disappointed. The first shag he's gotten was hardly something he was happy about. He didn't even remember it correctly. He put his hand on her shoulder and smirked. "Venice, it's ok. If anything, I'm disappointed." He joked.

She just blushed deeper. "I'm sorry David, you're a great guy, but well I think someone else can suit you better than me. At least we both had the shared experience and learnt from it."

He chuckled and hugged her tightly.

"I will never forget the last time I saw you, though" he whispered to her, not at all afraid. "I will never forget the happy times and the lows. I'll always love you Venice, just it will be locked in a secret place of my heart and only you can control it."

She looked at him and her eyes watered. "Thank you Davy."

"You're welcome bumblebee" he replied as she leant up and kissed him on the cheek.

"Now what the heck am I gonna wear to this party?" Venice exclaimed.

Wash laughed and quickly side-stepped out of the room.

30. Chapter 30

****2. Time For Action****
>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Thirty<p>

* * *

><p>Venice changed into her deep red and silk dress, with matching glittery elbow length gloves. She managed to ease her gloves on with some slight difficulty but she couldn't zip up the back of her dress on her own.<p>

Cursing at herself she struggled with trying to move her arm behind her back.

Knock, knock.

"Errrr, come inâ€|?" she said hesitantly, drawing the dress up.

It was Church, _why wasn't she surprised?_

His eyes widened slightly as he took her image in and scanned her up and down. She had (dyed or worn a wig of) bright red/purple/pink hair, curled inwards and had a small silver tiara placed on top of her hair. She wore some dark red lipstick, mascara and concealer, which hid some of her scars. Her strapless dress was mainly dark silk in red, and went down to just below her knees; up to just below her collarbone and accented her assets. But there was some more material with when down halfway down her leg, which was the same colour, except it was see-through.

He blushed as she cleared her throat to get his attention.

"Can you do me a massive favour?" she asked, sweetly.

He walked forwards, towards her, raising an eyebrow. "What's that?"

She turned around and clung the dress tighter around her "Can you zip me up?"

Venice actually heard him gulp but pretended that she hadn't heard anything.

Church nodded, before remembering that she had her back to him. He found the small zip at the bottom of the fabric, just above her pelvis and pulled it up carefully, trying not to tug it too hard and break it.

When he got to the top, he brushed some strands of her hair away so he could secure the zip properly. She turned around and smiled at him.

"Thank you Leonard" she said.

He gulped, this time less audibly.

"You're welcome" he said and then ducked out of her room quickly. She rolled her eyes before following suite.

â€|

"Yo, what's going on?" Venice asked as she walked in front of Church into the main lounge area. The sofas had been pushed back to make a central clear area in the middle of the room. There were drink and a bar full of bottles, spirits and drums of cider and beer. Next to the TV, there was a massive stereo and Caboose was dancing madly in front of it.

Washington greeted them. He took one look at Church and burst into laughter. Venice herself turned round and only just realised what he was dressed up as.

He was clad head to toe, in traditional Edwardian clothes, complete with a black top hat. He had a pale cream shirt on, with waistcoat and ascot. He wore long beige trousers, had black smart shoes on and a dark blue waist jacket with a dip of fabric covering his rear, like a small cape.

She thought very hard not to laugh at him. Wash was still doubled up laughing, clutching his sides and tears in his eyes. Yet, the fact that Wash was laughing so loudly didn't help her resolve.

Her mouth twitched before she turned away and snorted. She didn't have to turn around to know he was sending burning glares into their directions.

New laughter surrounded them as Venice looked round and spotted Tex at the door of hers and Church's bedroom. She was dressed as a vampire, in a long tight black dress, with one side ripped, so it showed the entire side of one of her legs from her thigh. Accompanying the tight dress, she had elbow length gloves like Venice, but they were black. She wore an Alice-band with pink and red flowers in on top of her long orangey-hair. She wore an eye-mask, with little trails of silk falling down her face.

"Go over there and compliment her" Venice said to Church over the sound of the music. He looked at Tex who was walking towards them, swaying her hips seductively.

"Hi Tex, you're lookingâ€|errâ€|good tonight."

Venice gave him a sarcastic look that Tex didn't see.
"_Smooth_."

Tex walked over, and deliberately kissed Church on the lips. Venice politely, looked away and grabbed a drink from the bar. She sniffed it beforehand, vodka and coke. Taking a swig, she looked back at Church and Tex to see them fully making out.

Why does that bother me more than I want it to? She asked herself.

She finished her drink and went to pour herself another, stronger version when she saw a door open and Tucker walked into the room. The grin that lit up her face was instantaneousâ€|and she ducked out of the room towards the spare room.

â€|

Church and Tex pulled out of the kiss, both flushed and swollen-lipped. They turned around to spot Tuckerâ€|clad in a tiger outfit.

Except this wasn't a normal tiger outfit, it looked like the kind, that a stripper would wear to a hen-do party. His chest was exposed and his hands wore giant tiger claws, his below covered in short black hot pants and knee-high high heeled sexy boots. In his hair, to add insult to injury was a headband with ears sticking upwards.

"_What the fuck?"_ Church yelled, before Tex fell against him, hiccupping because she was laughing so much. Tucker scowled at her and that did it for Church, he roared with laughter just as Wash did and the room was quite noisy for several minutes.

â€|

Venice heard the start of the raucous laughter and smiled to herself. She knocked on the door and then went inside.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

There was a young woman in the room, no older than maybe twenty and she faced Venice with a worried look on her face. "What if they don't remember me?"

"Kai, you look fine buddy" Venice said, walking towards and gave her a hug. They pulled away and Kai sighed.

"You look hot" Venice smirked. "If that helps."

"You lesbo?"

"No!" Venice said quickly. "Just thought it would cheer you up."

Kai chuckled and then walked out of the room. Down at the hallway and as people spotted her, there were yells of "Kai! Sister!"

...

Grif, Simmons, Sarge, Donut, Halle and Lopez (and his new lady-robot) drove over towards the Blue base, hearing the loud blasting music from halfway across the valley.

"That agent will be there, won't she?" spat Halle. She was dressed as Tinkerbell, wearing a tight and short green dress that was strapless, backless and was very revealing.

Grif put a warm brown and furry arm around her. "Don't worry sweetie. It's a party, no time for fights."

Simmons (dressed as a robot) almost gaged, it was weird to hear Grif acting like this.

He too was worried that Agent Venice would be there. For one thing, she had attacked them earlier, with the help of Tex (who could kick their asses any day and still win!) and then roamed her hands all over him.

****_But why?_****

_Maybe she wants to have it with you! " said his hopeful side.

He rolled his eyes. ****_Of course it wasn't that._****

And if it actually is?

He paused and then shook the thought out of his head, too confusing.

Sarge felt uneasy as he directed the Warthog towards the blue base. He was regretting the previous afternoon, he'd hit his own niece, someone who was like a daughter to him. He'd lost his short temper and actually beaten her. She wouldn't ever look at him again in the same way. Then she'd gotten injured while trying to attack him.

What is she bled to death? What fit those filthy blues did nothing to save her? What if I'm too late?

This only made him drive faster.

Lopez, was just in his armour (as he was built in armour) and was holding his companion, Lucinda against him protectively.

****â€|****

The party was into swing when the Reds parked the Warthog outside the enemy base and proceeded inside. Though at first dazed by the bright disco lights (where had they gotten them from?) their jaws dropped.

All the Blues and Venice were dancing and their outfits were quite funny to witness, especially Tucker's. He made his way over and winked at Halle. "Heya Halle."

She glared at him and to add effect Grif growled menacingly at him "Stay away you stupid cat!"

Tucker shook his head in disapproval. "That is no way to treat your host for the party; I'm the one who arranged this all, even if it was Venice who invited you guys. She's over there; next to the idiot you'd call Wash." Tucker pointed at the corner of the room where Venice and Wash were standing next to a piece of equipment.

"That isn't what I think it is, is it?" Venice said, biting on her lower lip in anticipation. Wash smirked as he ripped off the cover.

Venice half groaned, half sighed happily. It was a karaoke machine, complete with loads of different songs, microphone, TV screen and stands.

Washington picked up the microphone, stepped behind the desk and turned it on. All the displays lit up as well as the buttons. He flicked through the different folders on the screen.

"Do you wanna sing first?" he asked, a smile behind his words.

She did a double-take. "Who says I'll be singing?"

"You love this kinda thing Venice" he added.

Venice rolled her eyes as Tucker, Church and Tex approached them.

"Is that one of those machines were you sing along to the songs?" Tex asked, a plan formulating in her head.

Venice nodded and to answer her correctly, Wash clicked a button and an intro started, He chuckled the mic to a scowling Venice.

31. Chapter 31

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Thirty One<p>

* * *

><p>Venice smirked as she twirled the microphone in her hand and gradually raised it to her mouth as the music started.<p>

Church, who'd just grabbed his drink nearly spat it out when he spotted this and listened intently as Venice walked over to the middle of the 'dance floor' and did a smooth cartwheel (in her dress!) and added it into her introduction to the song.

Unfortunately, it was_ LMFAO's Sexy And I Know It_, so she threw it towards Tucker and he graciously thrust his hips in beat to the music whilst his audience laughed. Venice twirled like a ballerina back to Wash and playfully clipped him on the back of the head.

"_Douche_!" she muttered and they both winked at each other.

Church was confused. He's of sworn that this time yesterday, Washington had been begging to be her boyfriendâ€|had they both sorted that out?

Venice pushed Wash out of the way and flicked around with the controls, glancing intently on the screen.

"What is she doing?" Tex asked.

Tex was plotting, what happened if Venice could actually sing? Maybe Tex could hook the deputy with someone. Recently, she'd noticed that in some places, the Agent seemed lonely, not in the way where was upset, but that she often kept to herself and she wondered how she'd react with a man by her side.

The look on Venice's face when Caboose called her 'Mommy' was something that made her smile brightly, Venice gave off the impression that if the right guy came along; she'd love to have

children.

Venice seemed to be in high-school-girl mode because she giggled madly once she spotted one track and walked over to Tex, holding a mic.

Tex instantly recoiled "No, _no_!"

Venice rolled her eyes and indicated Church who was behind her, peaking at Tex almost half-expectantly.

"I'm gunna sing, everybody is" Venice stage-whispered to her. Tex smirked at the shocked look on Church's face.

Venice spun round gracefully on her heel as she heard his cry of protest. She just raised one eyebrow and gave him puppy-eyes. Church now seemed flustered; why was he so influenced by Venice?

"Pleeeeeeeeeeeaseeeee?" Venice whined.

Church grunted, turning away. But he still heard her chuckle and her high-five Tex behind his back. He heard his girlfriend's heels on the floor and was surprised that Tex actually was going to sing.

The music started and Tex smiled happily, as it was an easy song for her to sing to.

"It's a new generationâ€|all party peopleâ€|. "

Venice cheered as Tex strolled across the floor and danced seductively, just as JLo would have.

"Daaance the night awayâ€|.la la la la la la la, tonight, we gone it on the floor!"

Tucker walked towards her, smirking as Tex playfully glowered at him and interacted in the dance. Venice stifled her laughter of Church's face.

"Come on!" Tex yelled, and that was the cue for everybody else to start dancing around her.

Wash and Venice danced together, like ballroom dancing expertly, and when Wash lifted her up, she laughed and held her legs out in the twirl. She got down as the next song went on.

It was Kai singing, Tex was dancing intimately with Church as she sang to Rihanna's Disturbia.

"It's too close...forâ€|comfort. Oh" Kai sang as Venice span round and danced, almost like a mother with Caboose, holding his hand high as he twirled. It was amazing how alive her face looked as she looked at the rookie solider.

In the bridge, Kai danced in slow motion, raising her arms high, bent head backwards and stretching her long tanned legs smoothly. When she sang the last few lines, she slowly became herself and beamed when it ended.

Then it was another unknown song (to them) and Venice walked over to the bar, grabbed a glass of vodka and coke and swayed her body to the rhythm (Kai having put Inna's Sun Is Up, on).

Church spotted Sarge, dressed up in a black suit and jacket walk over towards Venice and he instinctively gripped his drink tighter.

Venice turned round and her expression fell as soon as she spotted her uncle. She stopped moving, raised her eyebrows and crossed her arms across her chest.

Sarge scratched his head nervously and started speaking to his niece who was eying him icily. "Hiya Venny."

"What do you want?" she snapped. "Cut to the chase already!"

"Well, I'm so so so so sorr-"

"Uncle!" she interrupted him. "Are you saying that I can easily ignore the fact that while you lost your temper, so quickly â€" that you have NEVER displayed in front of me- and I should forgive you?"

"I didn't mean to hurt you, it was an accident!"

Venice rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you're sorry Uncle. But you completely fucking lost it! You've never done that to me before and you frightened me terribly. I can't forgive you in an instant because I just can't! I will come round but you also slapped me right across the face! You-" she lowered her voice and made sure nobody near them heard what she continued to mutter. "-I hate to say it, but you reminded me of _her_."

Sarge stiffened and his heart clenched, he hated this awkward tension coming from the conversation. Venice saw his eyes tense and sighed.

"Give me time and I'll get over it" she said dismissively and walked away, wanting to now leave the party and be alone.

But as she walked she felt herself slow down and her eyes pooled with unshed tears and the memories deciding to come and burry her once more.

No, no, no! She screamed to herself as she fought to put her mental wall up again. She didn't notice that she'd started trembling, but gratefully, not in anybody's view.

She collapsed onto the kitchen counter and shuddered as she placed her head in her hands, fighting her emotions.

It was depressing how she'd withheld the shock, hurt and pain from when her uncle had hit her, until now, when she was having a good time.

Stupid fucking bitch, she thought bitterly at the memory of the leering woman, posed with the knife, taunting her, ignoring Venice's pleas of mercyâ€|

"_Venice_? Are you alright?"

Church's voice cut clear through the haze of her muddled pain and depression. She jumped up from the counter and was glad that her make up hadn't run. Except a few tears had escaped her eyelids.

"I', fi-fine!" she hastened as she saw Church walk towards her, almost dropping his beer onto the kitchen table to free his hands.

"That's bullshit, what is the matter? I saw you shakingâ€¦and I thought you needed a hug." He knew he sounded lame but he didn't care.

Church's lameness shone through her haze and a dazzling smile broke through the mist. She walked towards him and hugged his middle tightly as he enveloped her with his arms. She inhaled his manly scent (mainly of beer and aftershave) and closed her eyes to rid the emotions to back off.

Normally she was good at keeping her emotions when it came to the reasons of her appearance at bay. But this seemed that she needed to tell somebody soon who wasn't family. Someone who cared about her and hopefully wouldn't judge her.

Church seemed to be that guy.

He caught her looking at him and smirked. "I'm so good-looking, aren't I?" he boasted.

She looked him up and down slowly, not seeing Church's flush creep up his neck. "You look like one of my favourite characters from _Jane Eyre_."

"Whom might that be?"

"Mr Rochester."

"Why would you find him attractive?" Church asked in a disbelieving voice.

"Are you disrespecting your choice of outfit?" she asked.

He smirked again. Slinging one arm round her shoulder he nodded to the lounge doorway, "Come on, missy. Don't get down, you're perfect the way you are."

Venice paused as she took in his words. She looked up at him, noticing how close again their faces were. But Church's eyes were focussed on the doorway. Slowly, she leant up and kissed his cheek, not in a normal peck, but kissed it for a few seconds.

"Thank you Leonard" she said compassionately and tugged his shocked form towards the lounge door.

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><p>- Sorry that it took me so long to transfer this story over - I will try to be quick with finishing story, but will be updated to FIRST.-

32. Chapter 32

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Thirty Two

* * *

><p>Venice smirked as she twirled the microphone in her hand and gradually raised it to her mouth as the music started.<p>

Church, who'd just grabbed his drink nearly spat it out when he spotted this and listened intently as Venice walked over to the middle of the 'dance floor' and did a smooth cartwheel (in her dress!) and added it into her introduction to the song.

Unfortunately, it was _LMFAO's Sexy And I Know It_, so she threw it towards Tucker and he graciously thrust his hips in beat to the music whilst his audience laughed. Venice twirled like a ballerina back to Wash and playfully clipped him on the back of the head.

"_Douche_!" she muttered and they both winked at each other.

Church was confused. He's of sworn that this time yesterday, Washington had been begging to be her boyfriendâ€|had they both sorted that out?

Venice pushed Wash out of the way and flicked around with the controls, glancing intently on the screen.

"What is she doing?" Tex asked.

Tex was plotting, what happened if Venice could actually sing? Maybe Tex could hook the deputy with someone. Recently, she'd noticed that in some places, the Agent seemed lonely, not in the way where was upset, but that she often kept to herself and she wondered how she'd react with a man by her side.

The look on Venice's face when Caboose called her '_Mommy_' was something that made her smile brightly, Venice gave off the impression that if the right guy came along; she'd love to have children.

Venice seemed to be in high-school-girl mode because she giggled madly once she spotted one track and walked over to Tex, holding a microphone.

Tex instantly recoiled "No, _no_!"

Venice rolled her eyes and indicated Church who was behind her, peaking at Tex almost half-expectantly.

"I'm gunna sing, everybody is" Venice stage-whispered to her. Tex smirked at the shocked look on Church's face.

Venice spun round gracefully on her heel as she heard his cry of protest. She just raised one eyebrow and gave him puppy-eyes. Church now seemed flustered; why was he so influenced by Venice?

"_Pleeeeeeeeeeeaseeee_" Venice whined.

Church grunted, turning away. But he still heard her chuckle and her high-five Tex behind his back. He heard his girlfriend's heels on the floor and was surprised that Tex actually was going to sing.

The music started and Tex smiled happily, as it was an easy song for her to sing to.

"_It's a new generationâ€|all party peopleâ€|."_

Venice cheered as Tex strolled across the floor and danced seductively, just as _JLo_ would have.

"_Daaance the night awayâ€|.la la la la la la la, tonight, we gone it on the floor!"_

Tucker walked towards her, smirking as Tex playfully glowered at him and interacted in the dance. Venice stifled her laughter of Church's face.

"Come on!" Tex yelled, and that was the cue for everybody else to start dancing around her.

Wash and Venice danced together, like ballroom dancing expertly, and when Wash lifted her up, she laughed and held her legs out in the twirl. She got down as the next song went on.

It was Kai singing, Tex was dancing intimately with Church as she sang to _Rihanna's Disturbia._

"_It's too close...forâ€|comfort. Oh!"_ Kai sang as Venice span round and danced, almost like a mother with Caboose, holding his hand high as he twirled. It was amazing how alive her face looked as she looked at the rookie solider.

In the bridge, Kai danced in slow motion, raising her arms high, bent head backwards and stretching her long tanned legs smoothly. When she sang the last few lines, she slowly became herself and beamed when it ended.

Then it was another unknown song (to them) and Venice walked over to the bar, grabbed a glass of vodka and coke and swayed her body to the rhythm (Kai having put _Inna's Sun Is Up_, on).

Church spotted Sarge, dressed up in a black suit and jacket walk over towards Venice and he instinctively gripped his drink tighter.

Venice turned round and her expression fell as soon as she spotted her uncle. She stopped moving, raised her eyebrows and crossed her arms across her chest.

Sarge scratched his head nervously and started speaking to his niece

who was eying him icily. "Hiya Venny."

"What do you want?" she snapped. "Cut to the chase already!"

"Well, I'm so so so so sorr-"

"_Uncle_!" she interrupted him. "Are you saying that I can easily ignore the fact that while you lost your temper, so quickly â€" that you have NEVER displayed in front of me- and I should forgive you?"

"I didn't mean to hurt you, it was an accident!"

Venice rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you're sorry Uncle. But you completely fucking lost it! You've never done that to me before and you frightened me terribly. I can't forgive you in an instant because I just can't! I will come round but you also slapped me right across the face! You-" she lowered her voice and made sure nobody near them heard what she continued to mutter. "-I hate to say it, but you reminded me of her."

Sarge stiffened and his heart clenched, he hated this awkward tension coming from the conversation. Venice saw his eyes tense and sighed.

"Give me time and I'll get over it" she said dismissively and walked away, wanting to now leave the party and be alone.

But as she walked she felt herself slow down and her eyes pooled with unshed tears and the memories deciding to come and burry her once more.

No, no, no! She screamed to herself as she fought to put her mental wall up again. She didn't notice that she'd started trembling, but gratefully, not in anybody's view.

She collapsed onto the kitchen counter and shuddered as she placed her head in her hands, fighting her emotions.

It was depressing how she'd withheld the shock, hurt and pain from when her uncle had hit her, until now, when she was having a good time.

Stupid fucking bitch, she thought bitterly at the memory of the leering woman, posed with the knife, taunting her, ignoring Venice's pleas of mercyâ€|

"Venice? Are you alright?"

Church's voice cut clear through the haze of her muddled pain and depression. She jumped up from the counter and was glad that her make up hadn't run. Except a few tears had escaped her eyelids.

"I', fi-fine!" she hastened as she saw Church walk towards her, almost dropping his beer onto the kitchen table to free his hands.

"That's bullshit, what is the matter? I saw you shakingâ€|and I thought you needed a hug." He knew he sounded lame but he didn't care.

Church's lameness shone through her haze and a dazzling smile broke through the mist. She walked towards him and hugged his middle tightly as he enveloped her with his arms. She inhaled his manly scent (mainly of beer and aftershave) and closed her eyes to rid the emotions to back off.

Normally she was good at keeping her emotions when it came to the reasons of her appearance at bay. But this seemed that she needed to tell somebody soon who wasn't family. Someone who cared about her and hopefully wouldn't judge her.

Church seemed to be that guy.

He caught her looking at him and smirked. "I'm so good-looking, aren't I?" he boasted.

She looked him up and down slowly, not seeing Church's flush creep up his neck. "You look like one of my favourite characters from Jane Eyre."

"Whom might that be?"

"Mr Rochester."

"Why would you find him attractive?" Church asked in a disbelieving voice.

"Are you disrespecting your choice of outfit?" she asked.

He smirked again. Slinging one arm round her shoulder he nodded to the lounge doorway, "Come on, missy. Don't get down, you're perfect the way you are."

Venice paused as she took in his words. She looked up at him, noticing how close again their faces were. But Church's eyes were focussed on the doorway. Slowly, she leant up and kissed his cheek, not in a normal peck, but kissed it for a few seconds.

"Thank you Leonard" she said compassionately and tugged his shocked form towards the lounge door.

33. Chapter 33

****2. Time For Action****

>By Rurple101

* * *

><p>Chapter Thirty Three

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><p>Venice opened her eyes, instantly cringing to withdraw from the offensive light that was stinging her eyeballs. The pain was so sharp, so intense that she felt dizzy and sick. Her belly turned and she gagged savagely, her arms like limp twigs at her side.<p>

What felt like hours to her, she managed to open her swimming eyes

and bite back the nausea that threatened to rip her stomach to pieces. She staggered (or half collapsed) off the bed and flew across the room in a blind panic to hope (and pray!) that she wouldn't throw up halfway down the corridor.

She almost hit the toilet seat with her chin as she fell before it and heaved up the contents of her stomach. Sweat poured down her forehead, her hair felt sticky and knotted ripples piled in her abdomen.

After another blurred three minutes (in reality) she leant her elbows on the rim of the seat and stared face down into the unpleasant mess below. Strangely, now her stomach was empty, her head was clear yet her hands still trembled slightly.

"_Venice_?"

The sound at normal pitch shot like a bullet of screaming agony through her skull and stabbed at her brain repeatedly, making her whirl and gasp, clutching her head in her hands.

But almost instantly she felt a pair of hands on her back, as clumsily as hers felt. She recognized them instantly.

"_M_-Morning Leo" she groaned, her tears from the pain in her throat.

Church chuckled lightly but the sounds clanged in Venice's head, making her duck her head and clasp her hands to her ears in a weak attempt to drown out the noise.

His hands gripped her shoulders tighter now; an apology. She slowly turned her head and tried to smile at him. Her cheeks stretched in an uncomfortable manner.

Church seemed to notice her discomfort and smiled slightly as he dug his hand into his dressing gown pocket and passed the packet of pain-killers to her. Venice smiled gratefully now and opened the packet hastily and swallowed two without water.

She (with help from Church) got up shakily and felt something soft envelop her gently. Jumping, she realised that it was her small fluffy dressing gown that Church was helping her into. But what was more embarrassing was that she had then looked down to find herself in her underwear, no bra as she couldn't wear one with her red dress.

Oh shit, she thought. _Where's my dress? Why is it off me?_

She turned round to thank and ask Church these questions but his expression caught her off guard. He seemed to be trying to analyse her for some reaction.

"Thanks" she whispered hoarsely, her head spinning.

He smirked and tugged at her cold sweaty palm, leading her from the small bathroom back the way to her door.

"You need to sleep off that hangover Venice, you look terrible" he commented.

"Gee thanks" she muttered moodily, collapsing onto her pile of messy sheets and pillows. "You make a girl feel special Leo!"

He smirked again and then turned and walked out of her room, closing the door softly behind him. Venice raised an eyebrow and sat up slowly, wincing.

_What's gone on that the alcohol clogged from my mind? _She thought desperately._ Did I do something stupid again?_

All she remembered was Church comforting her in the kitchen after almost falling into a relapse of her terrible memories, and then grabbing another drink, something so strong it'd burned her throatâ€|

Ugh, she groaned. Shots are always something to get me pissed easily. _I cannot remember a single thing afterwards!_

* * *

><p>Church closed the door behind him quietly, before walking down the hallway to the deserted lounge area. It was messy, after the chaos of a party the night beforehand. But he ignored the mess as he walked over to the sofa and sank onto it.<p>

He put his head into his hands and felt his face redden with embarrassment at the memories that were clear as day swimming through his mind.

He was a long-term drinker, so was ok when he had a few more than average number of pints in his system.

He was always the one to recall and tell the others what they'd done (if he wanted to of course) the night beforehand as they'd always forgotten. Caboose, because he was dumb and Tucker because he never recovered fully from the effects until a week after.

But Church wasn't regretting the main memories (strangely) that were swimming in his gaze. On the contrary, it was a pleasant and pleasing memory, but he was more concerned about his position in that memory.

He hadn't been thinking clearly when he'd suggested it, when he'd been pissed outta his freakin headâ€|

I'm supposed to be in love with Tex! He was half screaming to himself, clutching lose strands of his long hair. _I'm her boyfriend! So why the fuck did I get half pissed andâ€|_

He felt sick at what would happen if everyone found outâ€|

Why don't I regret it?

Because she was a good shag?

No! Becauseâ€|because she wasâ€|.different I supposeâ€|

**_To a moody freakin freelancer who always rejected the idea of being your girlfriend? The one that left you? The one the man who you

are based on loved? _**

I'm not the Director! I'm me, if Alpha has a personality, then that's me I suppose. Or Epsilon, man this is too confusing!

Church, just admit that you like Venice in more than a sibling relationship.

I had sex with her, even my pissed mind fancies her when my sane normal mind doesn't admit to that!

Church leaned forward in the chair and groaned.

Shit, shit shit!

End
file.